# THE FAR EAST

FRANK ELIAS

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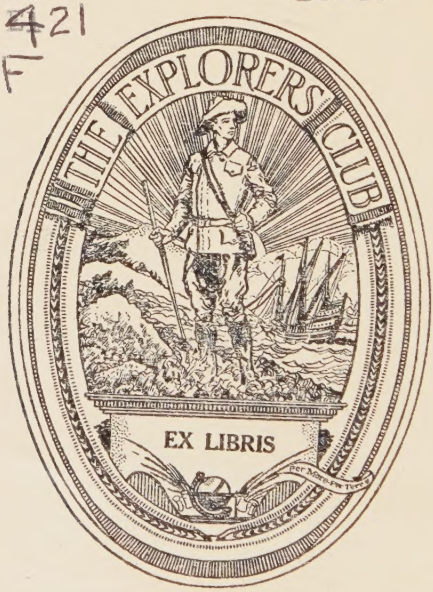


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# THE FAR EAST

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A CHINESE STREET SCENE.

# THE FAR EAST

## CHINA, KOREA & JAPAN

BY

FRANK ELIAS

AUTHOR OF "FIRST VOYAGES RETOLD FROM HAKLUYT," ETC.

CONTAINING THIRTY-TWO FULL-PAGE
ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
BY
VARIOUS ARTISTS

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1913

## NOTE

In writing the following pages I have been indebted to a number of volumes, magazines, etc., but would like to mention specially Dr. Gray's "China," Lady S. Townley's "My Chinese Note-book," Miss Tayler's "Koreans at Home," Mrs. Bishop's books on Korea and Japan, and Mr. Menpes's volume on Japan.

F. E.

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*Sketch-Map at end of Volume.*

# CHINA

ON THE CANTON RIVER. THE CHINESE WHO INHABIT
THESE BOATS USE THEM AS HOUSES, FOR THEY ARE

# THE FAR EAST

## CHINA

### CHAPTER I

#### THE WONDER OF CATHAY

Three hundred years ago there would sometimes come to some little cottage home amid the green lanes of Devonshire or the narrow streets of London a rough, brown-skinned man, with big silver rings in his ears, and great blue anchors printed on his arms; and as he came up towards the door there would be cries of welcome and delight. The wife would leave the pan to boil over; the children would forsake their games to cluster round the father who for many months, perhaps for many years, they had not seen; and then, when the first excitement of welcome was over, and the eager family was sitting round the table, there would begin a wonderful hour, in which the sailor, burnt by the sun and salted by the sea, began to tell the tale of his adventures. What tales they were, and how wonderfully he told them! As he spoke of the raging seas, the black nights, the bite of the icy wind, and the touch, like that of a poker red hot, of the burning sun, how wife and boys and girls shook first with fear for what the brave man had endured,

and then with relief that he had been spared to come back to them !

But when he had spoken for a little while of the perils of the voyage, he would come to talk of the strange lands into the ports of which his ship had carried him and his mates. He told, perhaps, of Russia and its great Czar ; of Goa in the Indies, where the Portuguese did their trade in splendid silks ; of the grim and frozen lands of the North, where strange and ignorant people dwelt ; of the lands of gold in Africa, where disease and death seemed always to hang over the sullen waters of the inland rivers.

But probably his voice would take on a new excitement as he came to talk of another land he had visited, or near to which he had sailed, or perhaps reports of which only had come to his ears. He talked of a wonderful country called Cathay ; he told how, to find a North-West passage to that land, he and many another sailor had endured terrible hardships ; how such a passage had not been found ; but how, in his last voyage, he had actually, by sailing over the old way round the Cape of Good Hope, had sight of that land and of its people. These people, he would tell the listening group in the little cottage, were called Chinians, or Chinese, and their country China. They had a history which went back into a past far behind that of England, and their customs were the strangest, but also among the oldest, known to man. He told of their industries, particularly of their growing of silk, and of the custom of the King and Queen, who on a certain day in each year—the only day on which the people had sight of them—appeared in public to touch, the

King a plough, and the Queen a mulberry-tree, in order to encourage the trades of their people. By touching the plough the King showed his approval of farming : by touching the mulberry tree, the Queen showed her approval of silk-making ; for it is on the mulberry that the silkworm is nourished. The sailor told also of the spices and scents, all very costly, which China produced. Then he told of their wise men, their terrible punishments for thieves, their books, their way of writing with a brush, until his excited hearers could scarcely credit their senses. And when he had finished, and had leant back to judge the effect of his words, he saw that in the eyes of his boys there was a look that told him that when they grew up, they, too, would go into the world in the hope of seeing the strange land of China. Perhaps they went, perhaps they only lived to talk to sailors whom they had known as boys, but sailors who had stories to tell of China almost as wonderful as those they had heard from their own father's lips. Many of the reports which came to England were not true, but, nevertheless, the people of England in the seventeenth century did come to know something of the vast country of the East.

In the years that have passed since then our knowledge has grown. Travelling has become easier, and travellers more numerous. To-day a great deal of the life of the people of China, of their customs, of their history, their cities, their ships, has been described in books written by people who have gone among the Chinese, have lived with them, eaten with them, sailed and walked and talked with them. And so, though neither the present writer nor probably most of his readers

has ever been in China, yet it is possible for us to find out a great deal about that country, and really to know more about her and her ways than many of the sailors of old who actually trod her shores. Moreover, through the beautiful pictures which hitherto were only to be seen in books published for older people, we can get an idea of how the cities and buildings and people of the Far East appear to the eye of the observer.

## CHAPTER II

### "PIDGIN," AND OTHER STRANGE THINGS

The country of China is so large that it is said to contain nearly two million square miles of territory, and so full of people that there are nearly four hundred millions of inhabitants within her borders. The country is divided into eighteen provinces, but each of these provinces is so big that it seems like a whole country in itself. China has many great mountains, and in the northern part of the land, where the mountains are very high, millions of people live in caves. The country has many coal-mines, and is rich in iron and lead. One effect of its size is that the climate in one part is very different from that in another. In the north, for instance, the winter is cold, and there are constant falls of snow. Yet, because the air is very dry, the snow does not collect, and so the Chinese boys cannot make snow-men. In the far south the winter is much milder.

The Chinese are great farmers, and grow wheat and maize, and many other kinds of grain. We think of

HONGKONG FROM KOWLOON

China as the centre of the tea trade, and so, in fact, she was at one time. In those days tea was very expensive, and when it had been carried from China to England the merchants used to sell it by auction, getting sometimes as much as £4 for as much tea as we would pay 2s. for to-day. India and Ceylon now grow tea, and most of that which we and other countries of Europe use comes from the Indian and the Ceylon plantations.

The Chinese way of counting their money seems to us curious. Their chief money is called the *tael*, but this is not a coin, but a weight of silver. Its value varies. Once it was worth 5s. 2d. Ten years later it was only worth 4s. 4½d. In another eleven years its value had dropped to 2s. 7½d. What really happens with Chinese money is this: A Chinaman, say, wishes to buy a hat. He goes to a hat-maker, and says in effect, not "I will give you so many silver shillings," but "I will give you so many ounces of silver." The shopkeeper knows how much he will be able to do with that number of ounces of silver. He knows that once it would enable him to pay for a new coat, while now he can only get with it an old coat. So if the customer merely offers the number of ounces of silver which the shopkeeper got for a hat ten years ago, the shopkeeper says he cannot accept that price now, for it would not, when spent, bring him what it brought him before.

Time in China is rather confusing to Europeans, for each Emperor reckons the date by the number of years he has reigned. Then it is not easy to measure time. If you ask a Chinaman how long it will take

you to reach a certain street, he does not say "Ten minutes," but, "The time it takes to shave your head," or "to drink a cup of tea," or "to burn a joss-stick."

As every day of the month has its name, and as each day is ruled by a certain power, it is very necessary before doing anything on a particular occasion to find out whether the power of that day is favourable to the action you propose. The day ruled by Kok Sing, for instance, is the best possible day for laying the foundations of a new house, for marrying off a daughter, for buying lands, or for going in for examinations. But it is a very bad day for burying a relative. If a man does bury one, he is sure to be troubled with misfortunes for three years.

There are seven different languages spoken in China. The natives of one province are often quite unable to speak to those of the province bordering on them. Besides these languages, there is the strange tongue called "Pidgin," which is a kind of English.

The dress of the people is not supposed to show the shape of the person wearing it; for that reason all garments are worn loose. A blue linen gown is the common dress both for men and women. Manchu women and Chinese women of the upper classes wear decorations on their heads, but other women go about with the head uncovered. Married women may have their heads dressed by the barber, just as their husbands may.

The animals of China are many. The most dangerous is the tiger. But though the Chinese fear this cruel beast, they yet think his bones, when crushed to

THE GRAND PAILAU AT THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKING

powder, make very good medicine. There are many snakes in the country, brown and green, and also lizards, toads, and other creatures which we know well. One of the strangest animals is the kangaroo-rat, or jerboa. This little creature can jump great heights. It is found near the Great Wall, and is said to have learnt to jump from constantly seeing the Wall, and feeling the necessity of getting over it. Another little creature which is found near the Wall is the desert hamster, or squirrel. Its legs are short, so when it wishes to climb the Wall, it goes up very slowly. As there are no vegetables on the Wall, and the hamster needs to live, he carries a supply in two little pouches which he has in his cheeks.

Among the birds of China which we also know in England are the magpie, the thrush, the lark, the plover, the goose, the duck, the swallow, the wagtail, and the pigeon.

If, then, we should ever visit China, and find the customs and dresses very different from our own, there would be several birds and beasts in which we should recognize old friends.

We sometimes think that our own language has many difficult rules, but we nevertheless feel that even worse than the words that follow the rules are the words that do not. *R-o-u-g-h*, we say, is pronounced *ruff*, but *t-r-o-u-g-h* is not pronounced *truff*. And there are many more such words. In Chinese, however, it is much worse. To begin with, the spoken word is quite different from the written one, and if a teacher were to dictate to a class of Chinese boys they would have to translate his spoken words into the correct

words for writing before they could take notes. There are only a few sounds in the spoken Chinese language, and so, if we would understand a remark addressed to us, we have to take careful note of the tone in which it is spoken. If one is inattentive, one may get quite a wrong idea. In the dialect spoken in Peking, for instance, most of the words may mean any one of four things, while in some other parts of China a word may have eight meanings. The word *Chu*, for instance, may mean red, a pig, a pearl, a candle, many, a bamboo, to cast metal, and many other things. The people of one province often speak a completely different dialect from that spoken by the people of another, though, if they were to exchange letters, they would be able to understand one another quite easily, for the written language is the same all over China. "Man" in Peking is *jin;* in Canton, *yan;* in Ningpo, *ning*. But in each town the same written sign stands for "man." So when two Chinamen from different parts of the country meet, they will often have to talk to one another, not in Chinese, but in that strangest of all tongues called "Pidgin" English. This is a mixture of our own tongue with Chinese words, and the effect is very funny. Many of us have learnt Longfellow's poem "Excelsior," which begins :

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner, with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

This poem was once translated into Pidgin English, and began like this :

# "Pidgin," and Other Strange Things

"That nighty time begin chop—chop,
One young man walkee—no can stop.
Maskee snow! maskee ice!
He carry flag wid chop so nice—
Topside—galow."

Chinese writing is supposed to have been invented more than four thousand years ago by a great official under an Emperor called Hwang-te. This minister was said to have looked up into the sky and studied the stars, and then to have looked on the earth and seen the footprints of the birds. When he had done all this, he began to make the written characters. In the writing of China there is no alphabet, but a great many signs; in fact, there are more than twelve hundred of these, and a boy is supposed to learn them all. The boy who remembers the greatest number is held to be the greatest scholar. One word is represented by a particular mark, and another stroke will perhaps add an adjective. For instance, a figure which looks rather like as if we were to write the letter *h* in a sloping hand means "man." When it is crossed, it means "a great man"; and when it receives on the top of the character a second line, it means "heaven," the idea being that the line is not only above the character representing man, but is even above the character representing a great man, just as heaven is above the men, and even the great men, of the country. Some of the characters are really more like pictures of the objects which they represent. *Shen*—that is, "a hill"—has a long line rising from between two smaller lines, and gives the idea at once of "height." A prisoner, again, is represented by the character which, as we have explained, represents "man," but enclosed in a

square. As we look at the picture, we at once feel sorry for the poor prisoner; for, whichever way we look, we cannot see any opening for his escape. When a Chinaman wants to write "words," he paints a mouth, and shows lines coming out of it; while to write "house," he draws a roof under which lies a pig!

China is governed on what is called the patriarchal system. That means that the Emperor is the father of his people, and that, just as a father of boys and girls can command their obedience because he is wiser than they, so can the Emperor. The officers of State are directed by him just as tutors, governesses, and nurses are in a private home. But this idea is not confined to the control of the country. While the Emperor is over all, the parents are set over their own particular family, and have complete rule over each member of it. Then the village in which this family lives is ruled by the elders. The villages, as we have explained, are grouped together in districts, and over each district a mandarin rules. These mandarins are of various ranks, and may be either a magistrate, which is the lowest office, a prefect, a *taotai*, a governor, or, greatest of all, a Viceroy. "Viceroy" means that the person holding the position stands in the place of the King.

It has been said that China is divided into eighteen provinces; but these provinces are themselves divided into departments, and the departments are divided into districts. When it is said that even these districts are a thousand square miles in extent, the great size of the whole country will be seen. Over each district

is set a magistrate. The Central Government leaves him pretty much to himself so long as, at the proper times, he produces the amount of taxes which the district must pay to the Government. So free is the magistrate to do what he likes that he becomes like a little king. Everyone tries to please him, everyone fears to disobey or offend him, and in his own district he is able to feel himself a very great person indeed. Many of these men have very good manners, and are very pleasant to deal with. Their official dress is a hat with a turned-up rim and peacock's feathers; a long, light-coloured robe, with long sleeves; a shorter, dark-coloured, velvet-collared coat, with shorter sleeves and buttoned in front, and silk boots. These great men do not consider that it is proper to wear the low cloth shoes or slippers which are liked by other Chinamen.

There are nine classes of mandarins, and each is distinguished by his button. The highest in rank wears a button of coral. Among these chief mandarins there is one foreigner—Sir Robert Hart. Sir Robert went to China to organize the customs—that is, the taxes put upon the goods going into and out of the country. Though the Chinese had been able to manage this successfully, Sir Robert Hart arranged everything so well that a great deal of money came to the Government. All the time he was in China—and he lived there for forty or fifty years—he was treated with the highest honour by the Chinese.

The second-class mandarin's button is blue. The third class, which includes the scholars and wise men, is purple, and so on.

The house of the mandarin or magistrate is called the *yamen*. Outside there hangs a gong to suggest that at any hour of the day or night any aggrieved person may get justice. Yet it does not follow that when a man has a case it is dealt with at once. The mandarins, indeed, are rather fond of delay. When the case is a criminal one matters move more quickly. But in all trials there is a good deal of bribery.

The punishments are many, but the commonest are beating and the *cangue*. The latter is a kind of wooden cage, through the top of which the prisoner's head peeps. There are places also for the wrists, and a man, when fastened in it, looks somewhat like the pictures one sees of men fastened in the pillory.

So great is the respect shown by children to their parents that it is said that a young man will never dare to eat in the presence of his father or mother unless invited to do so, while among the very great families a son is not even allowed to speak to his father without first standing up. Children are taught when very young how to *kotow*, or bow, before their parents; and even the smallest of them coming in to his mother will not forget to show his respect in the proper way.

The parents have complete control over their children, and may even kill them. Little girls are not always welcome, and so, sometimes, the cruel father will drown a baby girl born to him. But he must do it as soon as the baby is born. He does not, however, when he drowns the baby, do so simply because she is a girl; for girls have a much better position in China than in many parts of the East. If he does it, he does

it because, as girls cannot keep alive his name, and as they cannot carry out a very important duty of Chinese family life, the worship of the ancestors, he does not want one in his family. But if once the baby girl is allowed to live, the father often becomes quite as fond of her as of his sons.

## CHAPTER III

### LITTLE GIRLS AND BIG GIRLS—TEA, AND AN EMPRESS

The great lesson which a little girl has to learn from the beginning is the lesson of obedience, for all her life she is supposed to do as she is told. Till she is married she must obey her father ; after she is married, she must obey her husband ; and if her husband should die, she must obey her son. These three duties are called the three obediences.

But though it would seem that girls are ill-used, and have little freedom, they may often, as a matter of fact, look forward to a time when their opinion will be very important. Many wives in China manage the household, and decide what shall and what shall not be done ; while girls, though they are not regarded with such favour as boys, are for the most part treated kindly by their parents, unless the parents are very poor, when they will sometimes sell the little girl into slavery.

When a woman marries, her position is often much harder than when she lived with her father ; for then she becomes the household drudge, her clothes are

much shabbier than those of her husband's sisters, and she must toil for her mother-in-law as a servant would. Yet, not only are the girls often treated almost as well as the boys, but in many cases the mother is really the ruler of the household. Indeed, the most powerful person in China at the time of her death was the mother of the Emperor. She ruled him as though he were a little boy, while she decided what her country should say when her statesmen were writing or speaking to the rulers of foreign countries.

The position of girls in China has been greatly improved since the coming of English missionaries. These men and women have set up schools for Chinese girls, and the result is that, whereas they were once ignorant, they now have much more knowledge than many English girls. A story is told of the daughter of Kang Yu Wei, a great reformer in China. This man, being driven out of Peking, fled with his daughter to Hong-Kong. When the girl arrived she knew nothing but her own language; but, coming under the influence of English people, she quickly learned their language, and two years later was on her way to the United States in order to study better.

Mothers in China are very superstitious. They live always in terror of evil spirits. When one of their children is ill they light a fire by a running stream, and when it is burning brightly, they hold over it the clothes of the sick child, in the hope that the evil spirits will be frightened away.

When a baby is born, if the parents live near the sea, the mother makes a little boat of tissue-paper, and then she takes this down to the water's edge and sets it to

THE MARBLE JUNK AT THE SUMMER PALACE, PEKING.
IT IS USED AS A TEA HOUSE BY THE ROYAL FAMILY

sail. If it floats away safely, she thinks it is a good sign, and that there is a promise that the baby will have a happy life. But if the ship is thrown back upon the shore, she goes away gloomy, expecting only evil for the child. This practice of making paper boats is not only used when children are born : when the menfolk go off to sea their wives send out little boats after them. They even make tiny figures to look like their husbands, and put in also little squares of gold and silver to represent money. They think that by so doing the men will come back safe and rich.

It has been said that slowly the girls of China are being educated, and that a few of them are becoming like English girls. But their mothers have not yet become as fond as Englishwomen of exercise. The Chinese lady likes calling upon her friends ; she is fond of taking tea and playing quiet indoor games. But she has no love of walking. Indeed, there is a very good reason for her not walking, and that is, that when she was little her feet were bound according to the custom of the country, and that they have remained bound ever since. The only baby girls whose feet are quite safe from being bound are those of slave children They are not allowed to have the binding, as it would make it harder for them to get about and work for their mistress, and so it is considered a great disgrace if the child of a free man is allowed to go even for a short time without having her feet bound.

The ladies, when they go abroad, will often ride upon a slave's back. To do more than hobble is impossible. On arriving at a house which she wishes to

visit, the lady first sends in her visiting-card. This is a bright red colour, and its size is in accordance with her importance. If she is a *very* important person—the wife, say, of a Governor—she will have a very big red card. When a lady calls upon a friend, her chair must be carried through the various courtyards to a point as near as possible to the room where the hostess is receiving. A servant comes to offer to help the guest, as ladies are not supposed to be able to walk because of their bound feet. When a gentleman calls upon a friend, he will watch to see in what part of the house his host will come to meet him, and if his host advances to the threshold, the visitor will feel that a great honour has been done to him. In the hostess's guest-room, which has, perhaps, whitewashed walls and a mud floor, there are a number of little tables arranged round the walls, and before the tables are large carved wooden chairs. First of all, the visitor and the hostess exchange bows. A servant is then ordered to bring tea, and the talk begins. The conversation is not very exciting, and we should soon cease to be interested. But at one end of the room we may notice something which will at once attract us. This is a beautifully carved table, on which are placed candlesticks, vases, and an incense-burner. The importance of this table is only understood when we look above it and see the ancestral tablet containing the names of the ancestors of the family.

When tea is brought in, little sugared cakes are brought also. If gentlemen are among the callers, and come alone, they will often get away early; but ladies stay, and, as the talk is about nothing in particu-

lar, the hostess and her guests go on sitting idly for quite a long time. When an English lady calls upon a Chinese, the latter appears very affectionate, and holds the hand of her English visitor, stroking it gently. But the Chinese lady always thinks an Englishwoman a very strange person ; for the Englishwoman can walk quite easily, and has no bandages on her feet.

Presents are a very important part of life in China. A lady going out to dinner must take a present for her hostess, and before the guest leaves she is given a present for each of her children. The hostess has also to give money presents to each of the chair coolies of guests, while, on the other hand, each guest must give a present to the hostess's cook, who is a very important person indeed.

But though so many presents are given, they do not need to be very valuable. The gift may take the form of a little candy or a few sponge-cakes. But sometimes cats are given, and when a cat is among the presents the receiver is considered most fortunate ; for the most terrible of diseases in China is the Plague, and the Plague is brought by rats, and rats will not appear where a cat is on the watch. So greatly do the Chinese value their cats that they chain them up in the daytime, just as we chain our dogs.

Everybody is very polite in China. But what we should call being polite might not seem so to a Chinaman. It is the proper thing in England for a man to ask another man if his wife is well ; but a Chinaman would think it a very rude question.

Although a schoolmaster will not trust his scholars and makes them say their lessons with their backs to

him, the Chinese always keep their promises most faithfully. At one time, when they did business they never gave any written promise to pay. They had one word "Puttee-book," and that meant that the bargain was booked, and that the promise would be carried out. But an English firm, not thinking the method a safe one, refused once to carry out a bargain, and since then the Chinese have begun to put things into writing, as we do in this country. Even a poor shoemaker considers it a great disgrace if, having said he will have your boots repaired by a certain day and hour, the promise is not carried out. Again, English bankers having branches in China show how much they trust the Chinese by employing many of them as clerks, and allowing them to take care of the money of the bank.

While the Chinese have some faith in their doctors, they have more in praying for their sick in their temples. A story is told by a missionary of how one day he saw a man go by who, as he went, fell flat down at every step, and bumped his head three times on the ground. The missionary was naturally filled with wonder, but this feeling was increased when he found that the man was not following this way of making obeisance for a few yards only, but for a hundred miles. Every step in that hundred miles meant a fall upon the earth and three bumps of the head upon the ground. The missionary now inquired the reason for this strange action, and the man said : "My son is ill. I prayed and made the most solemn vows to the god of health that if he would spare my son I would pursue with my body every inch of the pilgrimage to the

tombs of my ancestors. He was spared; I must keep my vow."

The Chinese, as we all know, take great care of the queue, or pigtail, which all wear, and have worn since the fashion was forced upon them by the Manchu rulers. Every man has his pigtail, as we call it; and, as a traveller has said, when we see his back, we think that he is not unlike an English school-girl. The pigtail must be braided in a particular way if it is to be fashionable. It is tied with a black cord and tassels. If the wearer should go into mourning, his black cord is taken off, and a white one put on instead. Sometimes, if he is very anxious about his pigtail, he rolls it up on his head, but he is very careful to unroll it when a friend is seen approaching. In fact, he will not speak to anyone until he has first let down his pigtail.

Something has been said about the ladies of China. Perhaps the most famous of Chinese ladies was the Dowager Empress, who, as we have said, was at the head of the Chinese Government when the Boxer Rising occurred ten years ago. This lady has now, however, been dead five years. She was extremely clever, and knew far more than the ordinary woman of China. She had been the wife of the Emperor Hsieng Feng. On his death, her son became Emperor, but, when still a boy, he died. Then the Empress became head of affairs, and now it was that she showed how powerful and clever she could be. She adopted as her own child the young son of her husband's brother, and made this boy Emperor. But it was she, of course, who was really ruler. It was she with whom the

representatives of England and France and Germany and the other great Powers had to deal. She made the laws of China—she, a woman, in a land where woman is still despised! And when she died in 1906, all who had known her were sorry.

## CHAPTER IV

### BOYS AND EXAMS AND WEDDINGS

We have written of the importance in a Chinese family of a son. The chief reason why boys are thought so much of is that their parents hope that some day they will be able to carry on the worship of the family ancestors. Indeed, so important does a mother think her son that, if asked whether she would rather her husband or her son should live, she would sometimes say that, though she loved her husband, yet the life of her son was the more important. An ancestral hall is part of every house. In it are set up tablets to the memory of each member of the family who is dead. Those who are alive think it the greatest of their duties to worship their dead ancestors. This they do by burning sticks of incense each day in the hall, while once or twice in each year members of the family from all parts gather to lay offerings before the tablets in sign of reverence. If a man should do anything to disgrace his family, the family may decide that he is unfit to have a tablet set up to him when he is dead. This seems to the offender a terrible thing; but it is not only terrible for him, but for his children,

for unless the name they bear is on a tablet in some ancestral hall, they cannot enter for one of the examinations by means of which all public servants are picked in China.

All clever Chinese boys are wishful to be officials, and no wonder; for an official person, whether he is a magistrate or a Viceroy, is set over the rest of the people in the district, and can be controlled by nobody. In olden times, in the various great towns preliminary examinations took place, and the boys who did best were then sent to one of the greatest of the towns, such as Canton or Nanking, there to enter for an examination for appointment as an official. These examinations were held once in three years. So great was the demand for these fine official places that sometimes as many as two hundred thousand boys and young men would compete. But before the candidate could enter, he had to produce the all-important certificate saying that he was a member of a known family—that is, that his father's name, or, if his father was alive, his grandfather's—was written on a tablet in the hall of ancestors. He must, however, not only be quite respectable in this way, but he could not compete if he was the son of a barber, a fisherman, or an actor.

Examinations in England seem to us terrible ordeals, but their terrors are nothing to those of the old examinations in China; for each competitor was put into a cell, and until the examination was over he was not allowed to come out. Before entering, he was carefully searched to make certain that he was not concealing any papers with answers. The cells in which

the competitor was locked up were built in rows and were about 4 feet wide, and in height 6 feet in front and 9 feet at the back. There were no less than eleven thousand such cells of examination at Canton. If one asked to get out, it was a sign that one had failed, and that one had given up one's right to be considered a candidate.

Of course, this kind of examination meant a great strain on candidates. Their health was much injured. Indeed, on every occasion on which the affair was held a number of competitors died ; and at Nanking, where stood the largest of the examination halls, as many as twenty-five died each time. But the boys faced all these dangers without fear, for they thought of what it would mean if they passed, or, better still, got a prize. They had seen their elder brothers and their friends get such prizes, and they kept the thought before them as they sat in their miserable and stuffy prisons.

Let us suppose that a boy got a prize. What happened ? First of all, as soon as it was known, his nearest relatives rushed upon him, patting him on the head, cheering him, and carrying him off in triumph. Then, as he got near his home, all his other relations and his friends gathered round to give him a welcome. For that day and for many days he was the hero of the village. And this was not surprising when we see what would happen next ; for the young man would now at once be given a position as a Government official. He would be a magistrate. He would rule instead of being ruled. He would be a great man. And because he was raised up, his family would be raised up

THE EMPEROR'S ROBING TEMPLE IN
THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING

also. It is small wonder, therefore, that they delighted in making much of him, and the boy, thinking sometimes of those terrible hours, and even days, in that hot cell, when he thought often he would faint or even die, would say to himself that all those struggles were, after all, worth while. Perhaps he would have other reasons for being pleased. For instance, if the father of a clever boy was poor, his family and friends would get up what is called a syndicate (that is, a company of people, each giving so much money to attain a certain object) to pay to give him the training necessary to make him able to enter for the examination. If the boy got a prize and became an official, all the members of the syndicate felt that part of the honour was theirs, and in any case it was jolly for them to be connected with so important a young man. And we can imagine, too, that the winner was glad at his own success, not only for his own sake, but for theirs.

If a boy did not get a prize, but nevertheless passed the examination, he might not be made an official at once, for there might not be an opening. He would therefore be kept at the expense of the Viceroy, who would be supposed to give him the first position which became vacant. He was never supposed to do any work with his hands, such as digging or carrying, even if he was very poor.

The marriage customs of China seem strange to English boys and girls. But what will seem to them the strangest of all these customs is this : that while there are only a hundred family names among four hundred millions of people, no two people must

marry who happen to have the same name. It is as though a law were passed that no two people in Wales could get married if the name of each of the two was Jones.

When a young man wants to marry a girl, a messenger representing his family visits the family of the girl and talks the matter over. If all the arrangements are satisfactory, the marriage is planned.

The day before the wedding all the presents which the bride has received are sent before her to her new home. These presents are often very many, and a daughter of a rich man in Canton, whose marriage was seen by an English author, had seven hundred coolies to carry her gifts. The day following, the bridegroom, with a procession of two hundred men-servants carrying trays of sweets and other gifts for the bride, and accompanied by little children representing good fairies, was seen advancing. Red lanterns were carried by the people, and a band walked in front, while behind was a great big figure of a dragon, the legs of which were sticks held by boys, who jumped up and down to make the dragon lively.

After the wedding the bride was carried in a red bridal chair, beautifully carved and decorated. At the door of her new home a sight which would have seemed strange to us met her gaze. On the threshold was a pan on which a fire burned briskly. As soon as the procession arrived, the bride was taken down and lifted gently over the fire into the house. The idea of the people who had lighted the fire was that if it was burning when the bride entered her home, no evil spirits could get in with her.

## Boys and Exams and Weddings

The day after a wedding it is always the duty of the bride to cook her husband's rice. The fire lighted for this purpose is made with wood, which is part of her trousseau, for she is supposed to bring with her everything which she needs for her new home.

On the day following one wedding the bride had a great shock. She knew she must cook her husband's rice, and was looking forward to doing so with great eagerness. But when she searched among her trousseau for the necessary wood, it was not to be found. She questioned her servants, she hunted high and low, but still there was no wood. Presently, hearing of her distress, her mother-in-law appeared.

"What is the matter?" asked the mother-in-law.

"Why," cried the bride, "I must cook my husband's rice, and I have no wood."

"Then don't trouble," answered the old lady; "*I* will give you wood; here, take some of mine."

But the bride shook her head. It was not etiquette for her to do anything of the kind. The fire *must* be made from something which she had herself brought. Suddenly an idea struck her; she called to her servants:

"Get me two rolls of silk."

Now, the silk was very valuable, and was, indeed, worth no less a sum than forty dollars. Taking this valuable stuff, the bride set fire to it, and then, with the flame, she cooked her husband's rice.

The next day, or soon after, her father came to see her, and she told him what she had done.

"You have done quite right, my daughter," he cried; "you have saved your father's face."

## CHAPTER V

### VERY YOUNG BABIES AND VERY OLD MEN

In most countries of the East there are rules for everything. So in China, when a baby is born, the parents know that if it is to be happy in life certain things must be done. For instance, it must be washed many times; when the second washing takes place all the relations are invited, and are given a splendid dinner consisting of all the things a Chinaman likes best. We may be sure, therefore, that there is plenty of pork. Only relations are invited, and a sign is put outside the door to warn callers to stay away.

A baby in his first month must on no account be rocked in a cradle, but must be carried; but when the month comes to an end he may have a little cradle, like an English child. When he is one month old he is given a name. This is also an important occasion, to which the relations are invited. The baby, the parents, and all the guests wear their finest clothes, and when all is ready the head of the boy—if it is a boy—is shaved by his mother or some old man hired to do the work. The older he is, the better (or so the Chinese think), for then, perhaps, he will help the boy to live to be as old as himself. This veneration for old age we shall find running through nearly all the customs of the Chinese people.

When the baby's hair has been removed, it is carefully treasured by his mother. But perhaps what interests the boy more is that, after the ceremony is

over, he is allowed to eat a cake. Babies are never permitted to have cake or tea until they are one month old. When the child is four months old he is given pigs' feet, as the Chinese have an idea that, whatever part of an animal one eats, one may hope to possess the same powers as that part. A baby who eats feet will soon, they think, be able to walk, and a man who swallows tiger's blood will have the courage of a tiger. When the baby first has his head shaved and eats his first piece of cake, the relations bring beautiful presents, such as jewellery and clothes, and a red bedstead. Red is a very important colour to the Chinese. A little baby girl, for instance, has a red string tied to her hand, so that she will never steal when she grows up. But though the baby is given his fine new bed, he must on no account use it. His father must call in his magician to find out which is the best day for the baby to begin to use the bed. He also must discover if there are any unlucky articles which the baby must not touch.

When the baby grows older and walking time is near, he is given a pair of shoes called kitten shoes, with cats' faces painted on them. His mother hopes, as she takes him on her knee to fasten on these shoes, that he will become as clever as a cat in walking about. If we watch him trying to walk, we notice several strange things about his dress. But perhaps the article which first attracts our gaze is the silver chain which hangs round his neck and is fastened with a padlock. This is called the Chain of Life. He likes this chain very much, but he likes the little silver lock even more, and is often to be seen playing with it. To-day,

however, his mind is on his kitten shoes, and as he tries his best to step out, his mother and his relations stand round, smiling happily. One person is sure to be present, and that is his grandmother; for no ceremony is complete in China without the old lady.

In China everyone is taught obedience—the mandarins to the Emperor; the magistrates to the mandarins; the town and village inhabitants to the magistrates; the boys and girls to their parents. And just as a magistrate has a good deal of power, and may punish severely any person who dares to refuse to obey him, so may a father punish his son.

It is an understood thing in China that a father may beat his son as hard as he likes, but the son must on no account do anything to his father. If he does, he is considered to have done a terrible and disgraceful deed. Moreover, should a son kill his father, he is held to have done something so wicked that not only he, but all who had anything to do with bringing him up, must be killed or punished in some other severe way. The poor mother, while she is not killed, is sent away to live in a strange land, and with a notice on her forehead to say that she did not teach her son his duty, while the house in which the son was born is pulled down. The murderer himself is killed in the most horrible way possible, for he is skinned alive. Yet if his father had killed him, nothing would be said. Fathers, indeed, are allowed to kill their baby daughters, if they are careful to do it before the little girl is a month old. In the same way, a man may sell his daughter, and we are told that it is quite a common sight in a Chinese market-place to see a father arriving

with two baskets slung on his shoulder, the one containing a couple of chickens, and the other a couple of daughters, each couple being equally for sale!

When a baby is ill in China, and is not getting better, the mother says that she will have no more doctors. "Doctors are of no use. They cannot cure my little son," she says. "And how can they? For he is not sick; he has an evil spirit inside him." And so she sends for the priests, who, when they come, behave in the oddest way. They do not only pray, but they bang drums, and blow horns, and make all the noise they can. By doing this, they think they can scare away the spirits. But if the boy still seems ill, and there is no sign of his improving, the priests tell the spirits they are very wicked, and that if they do not pack off at once they will write to the head of the spirits, and ask him to order them home. But even after these threats the spirits, the priests believe, sometimes stay. Then they think that they must be greedy, and so they offer them coins. The parents accept all that the priests tell them about the spirits, and think that the spirits are so foolish that, if a boy is sent to live with another family, they will suppose that his parents do not love him very much, and will therefore not trouble to attack him.

The greatest honour which a man can have in China is to grow old. So, of course, the children take care to show respect to their father on his birthday. Particularly do they do this after he is sixty. When his sixty-first birthday is getting near, they plan all kinds of gifts for him, just as we do when one of our parents is about to have a birthday. Screens are a favourite article for giving a father. But there is one gift which every father

in China likes to receive. We should think it a horrid present; yet there it is in a place of honour on his sixty-first birthday. It looks at first like a long box, and we wonder whatever it is for. Then, if we ask, we are told by one of his sons. It is his father's coffin! And the father thinks that it is the finest present he could have given him. He takes the greatest care of it, shows it to his friends, and often carries it off to the temple to place it beneath the tablet of his ancestors.

If a father should live twenty years longer, not only is his family interested, but so are all the people of the village, and the magistrates of the town, and the mandarins, and even the Emperor. To have as a subject an old man of eighty-one seems to the Emperor a tremendous honour, and he is not content until he has ordered the building of a splendid monument to remind people that once in this province there lived a man who, while he did nothing very clever or very brave, or very splendid, kept alive until he was eighty-one.

If a parent feels that he may not live very long, he makes his will. So do people in this country of ours. But they do not do as much as a Chinese father does; for, not content with writing out his will, he has a grand party, and invites all his sons and daughters to attend it. When they come, he reads his will, and tells them how much property he has, and how he wishes it to be divided. And when the father does at last die, his eldest son becomes the head of the family. The mother must then obey her son, while even his brothers must do as he bids them, no matter how unreasonable his orders may be.

CANTON, SHOWING THE FLOWERY PAGODA.

He may order his brothers to be thrashed, and though they may only be a year or two younger, and quite grown up, they can say and do nothing. The mother of this young man, while she has to obey him, however, may order about his wife as much as she likes, and a very hard time the wife gets from her mother-in-law. The old lady will make her do all the housework, and will sometimes not let her bind her feet, so that she may be able the better to run about and do the work. Not to be allowed to bind her feet is really a very good thing for the little wife, but the mother-in-law is not trying to be kind when she says the feet are not to be tied up; she is only thinking of making her slave more useful.

If a Chinese couple are without sons, they will often adopt a boy, so that he may worship at their graves. To adopt a boy, a certain sum has generally to be paid to his real father. To sell one's son seems a cruel thing to do, but it may not be so in reality; for the man who adopts the boy does not do so in order to make him work for him, but to have a worshipper after his death. Accordingly, he will treat the new son with kindness, and very likely the boy will have far more fun as the only son of the new father than he would have had as one of the sons of his own father. An English lady remembers one day hearing her servant say to her that another servant had got a baby.

"A baby?" exclaimed the lady to the second servant. "Where did you get it?"

"I have no baby," he answered. "This man have many; can't feed them. I buy baby. My sister has small baby. Keep my baby." By which he meant

that he had been troubled because there was nobody to worship at his grave when he was dead ; so he had bought a baby boy, whom his sister, having a baby of her own about this time, would bring up for him with her own child.

The duty of obedience is taught to all Chinese children, and so thoroughly do the people understand how to obey and how to teach obedience that they are even able to teach the duty to ponies and donkeys, which in China will do as they are bid without the use of reins to pull them hither and thither. The Chinese, also, teach their sheep and ducks and turkeys to obey them, and talk to them slowly and patiently, as though they were little boys or girls rather than dumb creatures.

Chinese boys and girls are taught to be polite and to be quiet, and they very soon show that they have learnt these lessons ; for visitors say that though the children are never " forward," yet they are never awkward or uncomfortable in company. A little boy or girl knows exactly what he is supposed to do, and does it calmly, and as though it was the most natural thing in the world. One day an English lady, hearing that a friend of hers, the wife of a mandarin, was ill, sent flowers and inquiries. Next day the mandarin's little girl, aged nine, came quite calmly with her nurse to thank the English lady for her kindness, and then presented the lady with four boxes of fresh tea. The lady noticed that whenever any member of her household entered the room, the little girl at once rose and bowed ; while when the lady's husband, who was an Ambassador, came in, the child stood up and made

a very fine bow indeed. Then the little boy, her brother, who was only eleven, talked with great ease to the Ambassador, and was not in the least nervous; and they seemed so quiet and free from nervousness because they had been trained to be so from the beginning of their life.

## CHAPTER VI

### GOING TO SCHOOL

The Chinese are great believers in schools. From the earliest times they have taught the boys the ancient classics, and they have only given up their old examinations when a better method of examining was pointed out to them. The schools are held in rooms beside the temples, or in the buildings of the various guilds. Every scholar has a desk and chair; but the desks are not close together. Chinese boys are always treated with suspicion. "If we place them near to one another, they will quarrel and chatter," says the master. A child goes to school at the age of six. The selection of a teacher is a very important matter. He must not only be famed for his learning but his goodness, while the parents are very careful to see that he can teach their children the ancient doctrines. When the schoolmaster has been selected, the parents call on him, or send a messenger to arrange what fees shall be paid. The next step is for the parents to give a grand dinner to the master and all the teachers of the school to which the boy is to go.

On his first morning the excited boy sets off carrying a scholar's visiting-card. On reaching the school, he first of all turns and bows to the Confucius tablet; then he bows to his master, and offers his card and the present. The schoolmaster now gives him some words of advice, and then leads the boy to the place where he must sit.

As he enters the room to begin his school life, what is the boy thinking? Perhaps he is wondering what lessons he will have to learn. His master does not keep him very long wondering; for as soon as the boy has sat down, he is given a book called the "Tri-metrical Classic"—that is, the classic of three characters. It is called by this name because each line has only three characters printed on it. What they mean the boy has not the smallest idea, and his master has not the slightest intention of telling him; for that is the way schools in China are conducted, unless they are in the largest towns, and can accordingly come under the influence of the men who are trying to reform the nation's method of teaching.

"Now," says the master, "I will tell you what these characters are called." He does not say, "I will tell you what they mean." The boy listens carefully, and when he has got their names he sets to work to learn them by heart. He says them over and over again, until at last he thinks he knows them. Then he rises from his desk and approaches the master, who sits brandishing his cane and looking very wise, if also very severe, in his horn-rimmed spectacles. The master orders him to repeat the sounds, and the boy begins. But perhaps before he has got far he breaks

down. Instantly down comes the cane again and again. "It is the only way to teach the boy," the master would tell you. As for the boy, he may twist and howl, but he will really feel the punishment much less than a European boy would do, for the Chinese do not feel pain half so easily as do what are called the Latin races. If he is wrong, his master does not explain to him, but goes on thrashing him, and finally sends him back to his desk to begin again. It is said that boys often toil at the "Tri-metrical Classic" for years without understanding the meaning of a single word of it. When at last they are promoted to another book, they are able to say the first classic almost in their sleep. What is that first book about? It is, like all old Chinese works, about the people, particularly the boys of the past, who set a good example by their diligence. The little schoolboy beginning life is told to remember the history of the wonderful boy who was so keen upon his school-books that, when sent out by his father to watch the cows, would hang a book on a bullock's horn and read while he rode upon the animal's back. Another boy, who dreaded lest he should sleep when perhaps he was studying for one of the old examinations, upon success in which the boys of China once set their hearts, got a knife and cut his hand. He made it as painful as he could, and then said he to himself: "If only it is as painful as it is now, I shall certainly not fall asleep." This may seem a brave thing to do, but another boy thought of a way of keeping awake which was very much cleverer, and not half so painful. He was wondering how he could make certain that his mind should not wander and allow

him to fall asleep, when his hand happened to touch his pigtail. That, at least, is the way we can imagine it happened. Then an idea came to him, and, rising from his seat and standing on his little table, he fastened the pigtail to the ceiling. It was just long enough to stretch, and yet to allow him to sit at his work; but if for a moment he nodded or bent his head, a sudden tug at his hair would remind him that he was not doing his work, and he would open his eyes fast enough. These are only some of the things done by these diligent boys. But all the lessons in these classics teach the reader to carry his books about with him, and never to neglect an opportunity of studying them.

But it is quite a long time before the boy knows enough to understand the classic, and to be able to read these stories. When the children have completed the "Tri-metrical Classic," they study other classics, including the "Young Pupil's Book of Poetry." The sentences of the first book consist of three characters, each easily remembered. When a boy or girl can explain the references to history and literature which are made in these books, he or she is supposed to be making great progress. The pupils are always taught to admire the wise men of the past as being far above living men in learning and wisdom.

Later the pupils study what are called the "four shoos," which are books teaching them to be virtuous, so that they may do their duties with credit. The next subject studied is that of obedience to parents.

A Chinese school would seem to us a strange place. For one thing, boys, when standing, do not face their master, but stand with their backs towards him. They

are made to do this because the master thinks that if they are allowed to watch him they will do something dishonest. While their backs are towards him they cannot tell when his head is turned. Another strange thing about the school is that the boys shout at the top of their voices the names of the characters they do not understand. The louder they shout, the better they are supposed to be working, the faster they are supposed to be getting on; so they shout as hard as they can. Wherever a boy may be, whether at home or in school, if he is saying over his classics, he yells them out, and no one ever thinks of telling him to speak more softly. Indeed, a Chinese boy is allowed to do very much as he chooses. No one ever tells him not to talk. He is allowed to make as much noise as he likes. Even when a festival is to be held, he need not change his clothes if he does not wish to do so. The only things which he has to do are to learn his classics. But though he is not forced to be quiet, his father sometimes gives him good advice, and bids him neither to be envious nor fawning, to be persevering, to get up early, and to walk in a dignified way. He is told that his ancestors would never be in bed after four o'clock, and that his grandfather would rise two or three times in the night if he had important business. Boys get holidays at the New Year and in the autumn; but if a father sends a message that he wishes his son to worship the ancestors on particular occasions, the master allows him to go.

The boys have a very simple method of dressing. As the summer gets hotter, they take off more and more, until in the very hot weather their backs and

chests are bare. Then, as the weather begins to get colder, they add one garment after another, until they can hardly move for clothes, and appear to be as wide as they are long.

Many of the schools in China are run by the Government, but they are not good schools. A number of the instructors do not know the subjects they are supposed to be teaching, and though a great deal of money is spent on getting the best articles for instruction, some of these are so difficult to understand that little teaching is done. The scholars attending these schools do not pay, but are paid. Yet so bad is the instruction given that many parents prefer to send their children to the missionary schools, although in these schools the boys and girls have to pay.

Besides schools, there are now several Universities. One of these was built in a strange way. In 1900 there took place what was called the Boxer Rising. As we shall see, the Boxers were members of a secret society who hated the Christians. They therefore killed many missionaries; afterwards the British Government ordered the Chinese to pay a large sum to the missionaries that the missions might be rebuilt. But the missionaries who still lived refused the money. They said that their friends who had been killed had been killed for their faith, and that they could take nothing. Then the Chinese, who did not know what to do, proposed that Dr. Timothy Richard, a missionary in whom they believed, should decide the matter. Dr. Richard thereupon proposed that as the Boxers had killed the missionaries through their ignorance of what was right, a University should be

IN SHANGHAI NATIVE CITY. THIS OLD TEA HOUSE IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMILIAR WILLOW PATTERN

built with the money, which would help to remove this ignorance. And so the University of Peking arose.

Another University is at Tientsin. The head of it is a Christian Chinaman, who, when the missionaries were murdered some years ago, carried a message written in blood upon a piece of cloth to inform the missionaries' friends of what had happened.

## CHAPTER VII

### CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

The Chinese follow the teachings of Confucius. He wrote books telling the people how to live, and what to do in various circumstances.

Their other chief religion is that of Buddhism. Buddha was another Eastern teacher who left books of directions to the people. Buddhism has many monks, and particularly in Chinese Thibet there are a great number of monasteries where these monks live.

But though the teachings of Confucius and Buddha are the ones followed chiefly by the Chinese, they are slowly being taught the religion of Jesus Christ. They already see that the missionaries have only come to do them good, and that the best schools they possess are the schools founded and managed by the English and American missionaries.

But it is not only during the last hundred years that the Chinese have been told about the Christian religion. Hundreds of years ago the famous Emperor, Kubla Khan, being wiser than his people, saw that

that religion was the best his countrymen could have, and asked the Pope to send him a hundred Christian missionaries. But at the time he sent his request a Pope had died, and a new one was not yet appointed. Several people wanted that high place, and so, while they disputed, the Emperor of China was forgotten. When at last a Pope was elected, he bethought him of the Chinese request, but he only sent two instead of a hundred missionaries. Since then, however, great numbers of Roman Catholic missionaries have come to China, and many of them have been martyred.

Protestant missionaries came later, preaching and often dying for their faith. But these men did not only preach themselves; they taught the Chinese Christians, so that they also could tell the people about Jesus Christ; and when, eleven years ago, the Boxers rose and killed the Christians, there were many native Chinese Christians who had to suffer for their faith. When, moreover, as sometimes happened, the English missionary was driven away, he would find on his return that the Chinese Christians had continued faithful, in spite of all the dangers which they ran, and that they were as firm as before the Rising. When we think of what they had to endure, and remember that they had not got their teacher beside them to encourage them to bear persecution, we can see how well they had understood the teaching which they had received.

To-day it is the missionary who is the best doctor and the best schoolmaster that the Chinaman knows.

This Boxer Rising, which brought about such suffering to the native Christians, was a terrible affair. The

Boxers were a secret society which hated all foreigners, and had many strange and ignorant ideas about them. They thought, for instance, that when there was no rain the foreigners had dried up the springs ; and that when the people fell ill, the foreigners had poisoned the wells. They went about spreading these tales, and, unhappily, the more ignorant people believed, and began to share the hatred of the foreigner. Then, more and more, the coolies joined the Boxers, and promised to kill all the foreigners who fell into their hands. In a few days every store kept by a foreigner in Peking was burnt to the ground, and as the English and Americans stood in the evening in the Legations, where they had taken refuge, they could hear far off the terrible cry, " Kill ! kill !"

But more hated than the foreigner were the people who, while remaining Chinese, had come to believe in the God of the foreigner. The foreigners were killed quickly ; the native Christians were killed slowly and cruelly. Sometimes they would be carried out, one foot and one hand fastened to a pole. Often they were burnt to death in their homes. But even the cruel men who did these things were sometimes stayed. One day they caught a little boy who was the son of a Christian. Twice they wounded him with a sword, and once with a spear. Still he lived. Then they threw him into a fire ; but he came out alive. So again they threw him into the fire ; once more, however, the boy came out, burnt, but alive. For the third time they tried to burn him ; but once more they failed. And now they became fearful. They felt that he was protected by some power greater

than themselves, and so, from trying to kill him, they fell to worshipping him, and finally they handed him over to the chief man of the village, with the word that it was plain that he was safe from anything they could do.

These persecutions are now long over, and there is much less hatred shown of the foreigner than there was. Travellers say that they are well received in places where ten years ago foreigners were stoned. Dr. Kin, the Chinese lady doctor, tells us that when, some time ago, an order went forth to close the temples, the people obeyed it quite cheerfully, so little did they now care for the idols they had worshipped therein. This is only one sign that the mind of China is awakening and getting rid of its superstitious beliefs. All these changes give opportunities to the Christian missionary.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SUPERSTITIONS AND TOMBS

The Chinese are a very superstitious people, and so there are many astrologers who make a good living by pretending to foretell events. The people believe in them completely. Of these fortune-tellers there are several kinds. One kind say that they can discover a man's future from looking at his face, or from examining various parts of his body. If, for instance, his head is not round enough or his cheek-bones are not sufficiently high, he is told that he can never hope to be famous. If he has a small chin, he will be very

unhappy when he becomes old. If he has a small nose, he is born to beggary.

Some women fortune-tellers employ a tortoise. A number of envelopes with writing inside are arranged on a tray. Then a lady, anxious to know all about her future, comes along and picks out one of the envelopes. It is then put back and mixed with others. Then the tortoise is placed on the tray, and set to pick out an envelope. If it picks out the one which the lady selected, she goes away believing that whatever is stated in the writing in that particular envelope as likely to happen, will happen to her.

Other astrologers profess to be able to explain dreams, and the Chinese attach a great deal of importance to what their dreams tell them.

When a city was to be built in China, the people first of all tried to find out the luck of the place on which they wished to raise the streets and buildings. They built a pagoda, and if they thought there were signs that the evil spirits were frightened away by it, they would then go on and trace the walls. Only when all this had been done would they begin to build houses. In the city of Ningpo the Pagoda of Heavenly Investiture, as it is called, was built before the city. It has been destroyed several times. After the second destruction houses were built on its site. But these were pulled down at last, and the Pagoda built again. Once more it was destroyed, falling to pieces suddenly. It was rebuilt, and then struck by lightning; rebuilt again, and then blown down by a hurricane; rebuilt once more, and then badly burnt. Its remains, however, are still standing.

Ningpo is thirteen hundred years old. Archdeacon Moule, whose book on China tells us so much about Ningpo, says that it got its name in a curious way. At one time it was called Ming. But a new reigning family arose of the name of Ming, and the people of the place felt that it was not fitting that their town should possess the same name as that of the great Emperor. So they asked him what they should do.

"Well," said the Emperor, "there is a city sixty miles east called Tinghai [which means 'settle the sea']; when the sea goes down, the waves are at peace. Why not call *your* city Ningpo [Peaceful wave]?" And so Ningpo the place became.

We have said something about the Ming Emperors. Near to the city of Nankow are the Ming tombs, the burial-places of these Emperors of China. There are thirteen tombs, and some of them are so large that, in one, several thousand people can assemble. And it is necessary that there shall be plenty of room, because, for every year which the dead Emperor reigned, a thousand people must visit his tomb. If he reigned ten years, for instance, ten thousand people must crowd into his burial-place; and if he reigned fifteen years, then must fifteen thousand attend.

But perhaps even more wonderful than the tombs themselves is the avenue approaching them; for on each side of it are great stone figures. The land around them is a huge bare plain, so that they stand out grim and terrifying. First there are two figures of lions sitting, then of a pair standing; then two kneeling camels and two standing ones; then a pair of elephants thirteen feet high. After these come

pairs of horses, donkeys, unicorns, priests, and warriors. The figures are so huge that it is not surprising to learn that when the Chinese made them they first carried the stone to the plain, and then carved the figures on the spot. Approaching these figures from a distance, one might suppose that they were real, and the horses of visitors are often badly frightened by the devouring lions which they think they see waiting to spring out upon them. The Ming Emperors no longer rule China, and it is with a sorrowful heart that their descendant, now only an Earl, comes to worship at their tombs. For he knows that the greatness of his family is over, and he sees that the tombs, built for ever though perhaps they seemed to be, are slowly crumbling, and that some day they will be a ruin.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE CITIES OF THE LAND

The cities of China are becoming year by year more like those of Europe. While some of the towns, like Hangchow and Ichang, still look like old-fashioned Chinese cities, others, such as Tientsin and Shanghai, appear up-to-date; and if the people in the streets were not different, a European might think he was in his own country. The streets are still, however, rather narrow; while if one ventures to wander into one of the very jolly shops which one sees around one, one would soon feel that one was in an Eastern country. For no sooner would we find something which we

wished to buy than the shopkeeper, understanding our intention, would put up the price and begin to haggle. Only after a long while is it possible to make a purchase. Already, however, in Shanghai some of the tradesmen have begun to realize that this is not the way to do business, and the Silk Guild in that city have arranged among themselves never to haggle at all, but to have one price for each article, as English shopkeepers do.

When making one's way through a Chinese street, it is very necessary to travel, not on one's feet, but in a chair. Otherwise innumerable coolies or porters hurrying by would soon jostle one off the pavement, and probably into a dirty gutter. Or, perhaps, as one lingered, one would hear not far away sudden cries of "Clear the way!" and the next moment one would be swept aside to let the chair of a mandarin go by. The mandarin looks very comfortable, and has a good view of all going on as he leans from his chair, carried, as it is, shoulder high. And, perhaps, no sooner has one got out of his way than one must move aside to let a lady, painted and powdered, in her covered chair, pass. Or one may have to stand well into a shop doorway to avoid being soaked to the skin by one of the coolie water-carriers, who, with his two buckets, goes by, the water splashing out of his pails as he moves. Jostle, jostle, jostle—everybody is jostled, but nobody minds; for Chinamen are not easily worried about anything.

In the port cities the ricksha, so well known in Japan, is used. One thing which the English visitor to Shanghai has to remember is that no native knows

THE PORCELAIN PAILAU AT THE HALL
OF THE CLASSICS PEKING

the name of any street, though these are put up in English and Chinese, and are staring you in the face. When you direct your coolie, you have to do it by means of signs. Here is a story told by Lord William Cecil. When he was in Shanghai he wished to visit an English friend, so, thinking it a very simple matter, he told the coolie to carry him to the friend's house. But, though he told the man over and over again, he did not seem to understand. Finally, however, the man did make a start, and presently put his employer down before a certain house which, as Lord William entered it, he saw was planned, not in the English, but the Japanese, way. This set him wondering why his friend had chosen to live in the Japanese style. But when he got farther into the house, he found it was the house of a Japanese gentleman, and not his friend's house at all. Happily, the Japanese could speak English, and so very soon matters were explained, and the English visitor set off again, and this time he reached his friend's home. The friend, on hearing what had happened, laughed, and then explained that what his visitor should have done was to have asked, not for the house, but for the hospital opposite ; and not for the street, but for the name of a certain doctor who had practised at the hospital, but who had now been dead for twenty years !

In Shanghai there are three kinds of policemen—English, Sikhs, and Chinese. But such a sight as this can only be seen in such a town as this, which is under English influence. There is also a post-office for each nation. This is because letters are not supposed to be safe in the hands of the Chinese. And the people

themselves believe this, and often have Europeans in charge even of their own post-offices.

If we could travel over a Chinese town in an aeroplane, we should notice one thing about it very quickly, and that would be that there were no chimneys. We would then begin to think that, in spite of the fact that they send out dirty smoke sometimes, they make a house look like a home. But in China, instead of chimneys, we see on the roofs strange carved figures, some of them grinning in a very terrifying way. The roofs themselves are very beautiful, being bright blue, or blue and green, with yellow lines. If the roof is all yellow, then we may be sure that a very important person lives inside, for only members of the family of the Emperor or high officials are allowed to paint their roofs that colour.

The Chinese believe in open air, and the poorer people do not, as do those of some other Eastern nations, heat their houses. They keep themselves warm by wearing thick clothes, and by having a pan with hot water in it under the bed at night. The houses, even of the great people, are often of the simplest kind. The house of one of these men, who is a great scholar and one of the most powerful men in China, is a very small simple house with a brick floor. There is only a paper and wood screen separating him from the courtyard, while the room is furnished most simply.

But other houses of the rich are full of all kinds of beautiful things, such as embroideries, bronzes, and ivory work. There are few carpets. The windows, which have transparent oiled paper panes, unless the owner can afford glass, look out on the courtyard. There

are no fireplaces, for, as we have said, there are no chimneys. When a Chinaman is rich enough he has a brick stove, in which he burns charcoal. In winter the rooms are terribly overheated. But most of the people cannot afford such luxuries, and so wrap themselves up in their padded clothes. The strangest article of furniture, however, which we may notice in the room is a long object, which we shall find is the coffin of the head of the house. He is not in the least peculiar in having it on view, for all Chinese men, particularly when getting on in years, have their coffin made, or receive it as a present from their children, and put it in a place of honour. And if the furniture should ever have to be sold, the very last thing sold is the precious coffin.

Chinese houses are made of wood, while the very poor people live in what are called mud huts. The courtyard is an important part of a Chinese house, and many houses have more than one yard. If we were to visit such a house, we should enter by the large gateway, which is the only opening in the high, fireproof walls which surround the house. Fire is one of the greatest dangers of life in China, and both in the courtyards and at street corners great tubs of water may be seen in readiness to put out fires. Having passed through the gateway, we cross the courtyard and pass under another gateway, cross a second courtyard ornamented with pots of flowers, and find ourselves opposite the house, which having entered, we find ourselves in a large hall. To reach the sitting-room, we must pass through the open doors of a beautifully decorated screen. The ceilings are of paper, and

there are no handles to the doors. The outer walls of the house are all of wood, which do not overlap, so that when the wood shrinks great openings appear in the walls, and let in terrible draughts. Thus, whatever is the temperature outside is also the temperature within. The rooms have much fine carving.

The appearance of a street in an ordinary Chinese city is very interesting. In Shanghai one may see motor-cars, but in most of the Chinese towns one must be content to travel in a chair. The shops are very gay and inviting, and the signs over them are painted in brilliant colours—gold and red. But if one wants to buy cheaply, one must have plenty of time ; for, as we have said, the Chinese love to haggle.

While the large shopping thoroughfares are gay and bright, in the less important parts of most Chinese cities the streets are narrow and dark. So it is no easy thing for the unaccustomed traveller to make his way through. Often enough, if we dive straight into one of these side streets after having faced the bright sun, our eyes are so unprepared for the shadows that we fail to see that close beside us, sitting in little narrow, open-fronted shops, are keen-eyed shopkeepers, waiting to do business should our eyes fasten on anything which is for sale. These shops have shutters, which, when taken down, open the shop from one wall to another. If we look inside, we shall not see a fine show, such as we might expect to see in an English shop. In the first place, a shop with an open front is not the place in which to leave valuable articles. But, apart from this fact, a shopkeeper does not show a great deal, because he has not got a great deal to show. You

could buy his whole stock often enough for a few shillings—certainly for a few pounds.

Yet, though the shops are small, and contain but small stocks, they are worth looking into. Here one may buy shoes—that is, if one is a boy; a girl must embroider her own shoes. And it is the same with clothes. While men may buy ready-made garments, it would very likely be considered by some Chinamen a very disgraceful thing for a woman to do so. Women are taught to sew when little girls, and are expected to practise the teaching for the rest of their lives, making not only their own, but their husbands' and their sons' garments. But while the women are supposed to do all the sewing and all the making of clothes, men are allowed to do embroidery. The kind of embroidery which they do is, however, of the kind used for decorations. Men can often be seen making beautiful silk covers, and weaving into them designs which are really pictures of old heroes or famous characters. Other men make beautiful ornaments, such as hairpins and golden pots and brooches, while still others show great skill in the making of pottery. This art they learnt hundreds of years before from a neighbouring people of whom we shall presently hear, called the Koreans. Strangely enough, the Koreans themselves have forgotten many of the things which they taught the Chinese.

One shop we may pass quickly, but if we did do so, we should be unlike the Chinese people. It is the coffin shop, or, rather, street of coffin shops; for in China shops of a particular kind are herded together. The coffin shop is a favourite one of the Chinese father.

If he is over sixty, he begins to think about his own coffin. Perhaps, as he stands near the shop some morning, and sees the workmen cutting a hollow in a tree-trunk, or shaping the sides of a big block of wood, or lacquering a newly-finished coffin, he begins to wonder whether his sons will remember to give him a coffin for a birthday present when his sixty-first birthday comes. Perhaps he wonders what kind of a coffin it will be when it *is* given to him—if it will have a fine lacquer side, or be just a plain wooden one; for to a Chinese father a coffin is the most welcome of all presents, and when his sons give him one, he thinks that they have made him the very finest present in the world. Perhaps some day, just before the all-important birthday, the father passes the shop, and sees his eldest son in the very act of buying a smart new coffin, well carved and nicely lacquered. He will guess for whom it is intended, and will not be surprised if, on his birthday, he is led by his sons to a corner of one of the rooms to see the very coffin he saw in the shop-front.

In a Chinese city everything that can be done out of doors is done. Cobblers cobble boots, embroiderers embroider, pottery-menders repair pots, coffin-makers make coffins—all in the open air; and even the barber shaves one in the open air. No Chinaman thinks of shaving himself, yet all are shaved, even though some allow a little goatee beard to grow. Then, again, the men require to have their pigtails carefully plaited. We may be quite sure that a customer is very particular that his queue—as the pigtail is called—is properly handled, for he does not feel respectable without it. If he should meet a friend, and his pigtail were for some

reason to be curled up out of sight under his cap, he would insist on unrolling it before he would even bow to the friend. For an Englishman to be shaved in a Chinese street is a strange experience. The Rev. Louis Bryde describes how, as he selected a table at which to sit, the people quickly gathered, until sixty or a hundred were standing round to watch. Everyone was very solemn ; no one dared to speak, and the only movement was when some boy or girl pushed to the front ; for the children were always allowed to stand in the front row.

In Chinese streets, as in the streets of other lands, the very richest and the very poorest among the people may be seen. If one knows enough about the various buttons worn by the different mandarins, one can tell the exact position of this important-looking gentleman, who goes by in his fine high chair, and who looks so calm and content. In Peking we should often notice a man, who, besides being dressed in a magnificent silk robe, wore also a little button of coral. To some of us, perhaps, it would mean nothing very much ; but if we were Chinamen, or even if we remembered what was said about the mandarins' buttons in an earlier chapter of this book, we should recognize the gentleman to be a member of the highest rank.

Besides the rich in Chinese cities, we may see many beggars. The Chinese will not help them. They fear them, and at times of festival dread the coming of the beggars, with their demands for money. But they are unkind to the beggars, not only because they are afraid of being bothered by them, but because as a people they are inclined to be a little hard-hearted.

They can bear very great pain without showing any sign of doing so, and so they have little pity for the sufferings of others. There is, for instance, no country in the world where the punishments are more cruel than they are in China. They kill prisoners sometimes by means of what is called the thousand and one cuts. That means that they do not kill the poor man at once, but that, having tied him up, they cut him with knives until he has a thousand and one such cuts. They take good care that no cut quite kills him.

But they are not only unkind in their dealings with prisoners. They show little sympathy with those who are poor and suffering. They are particularly unwilling to help the blind. But there is a reason for this. The blind poor in China have no schools to which to go to learn trades, such as we have in England. They are therefore quite unable to earn a living by useful labour, and so they become beggars, and go about in large companies, there being sometimes as many as sixty or seventy beggars in a company. Each man carries a gong, or cymbals, or wooden clappers with which to make a noise. It is now easy to see why the Chinese people do not look at them in a kindly way; for the beggars will come and stand outside a house, banging their gongs and clapping their clappers until the poor man inside comes out and pays them to go away. Each of the bands of beggars is ruled by a chief, who receives all the money paid to his followers, and divides it. Shopkeepers, and in particular rich men, have an understanding with this leader, and pay him so much regularly to get him to keep his people

A CHINESE HOTEL SIGN

away. But those who cannot pay the leader of the beggars are made to suffer without any mercy from the gang.

People go blind in China more easily than in Europe, for the methods of treating the eyes are not so up-to-date, and the terrible disease of leprosy, which is still found in China, makes many blind. But cruel parents sometimes make their poor children blind purposely, saying that it will be easier for them to earn a living. Blind children go about with the bands of beggars, and get a share of whatever is collected. Many such children tell fortunes, for the Chinese believe that blind people, and even small boys if they have no eyesight, have a power of inner sight, by means of which they can see into the future.

Besides telling fortunes, the blind beggars go from temple to temple, singing at the festivals songs in praise of the gods and old heroes. They are also very useful as guides, and have a wonderful knack of finding their way about the streets and country lanes. A traveller coming to a strange city, and wanting a guide, will often prefer a blind man to a man with sight.

These blind beggars were neglected and despised by everyone until the English missionaries began to take an interest in them. One of these Englishmen, the Rev. W. Hill Murray, has even taught many of them to read. He can now teach a blind man to read the Bible in three months, though it takes an ordinary Chinaman six years to learn to read it. Some of these blind beggars have now themselves become missionaries, and go from village to village reading the Bible to the people.

# China

The capital city of China is Peking. Here the Emperor lives ; here is the famous Hall of the Classics ; here, also, is the Temple of Heaven. In this temple the Emperor worships on behalf of his people. There is a very splendid ceremony held every spring, when the Emperor goes in state to the Temple of Heaven to pray for the harvest of the year. The day before he spends in prayer, fasting, and meditation. Then, on February 20, he goes in a sedan chair to the Hall of Great Harmony. After this he is carried in a splendid palanquin, which weighs 1 ton 16 hundredweight. It is so heavy that it takes thirty-two men to carry it, and they have to put it down and give way to a second party of carriers at the end of 500 yards. But, in spite of its weight, they run along quickly enough. Each bearer is dressed in fine silk robes, fast-walking boots, and hats with gold and feathers upon them. When the Emperor thus goes forth, the people do not assemble and cheer, as we in England do when the King goes by. They are supposed to keep indoors until the procession has passed.

The Emperor's palace is hidden from the people. It is inside what is called the Forbidden City, which is inside the Manchu city, and separated from the Chinese city. Nobody is supposed to see the Emperor. Indeed, the last Emperor was supposed to be weak and without influence, while the present one is only a little boy.

It is said that the race to which the present rulers of China belong—that of the Manchus—is growing feeble. For hundreds of years they have ruled China, but to-day the Manchu people do very little work,

they do not carry on business, and they do not engage in study. One reason for Chinese roads being so bad is that the Manchus feared that if they improved them, the people might gather together the more easily, and turn out their rulers. The roads of China are therefore still very bad.

Peking, being the centre of the Government, is full of officials; but it is also constantly visited by young men who want positions in the public services. There is a great deal of bribery, for officials who have got influence make the young men pay heavily before they will give their help. Before one can get into the Emperor's palace one must pay an enormous sum of money.

## CHAPTER X

### CHINESE FUN

The great event of the year for Chinese men and women, boys and girls, is the festival of the New Year. There is no such other event known to the people. They never worship their ancestors with such earnestness as they do then, nor do they think at other times that so much depends on their conduct. The Rev. Dr. Gray tells us that, first of all, every man feels that when the New Year comes in he must be out of debt. If he owes anybody a single penny, he is miserable. He is ready to sell his most precious possessions—everything, in fact, but his beloved coffin—if by so doing he can escape being in debt on New Year's Day. Shopkeepers are ready to take what in England are called

"bargain prices" to get rid of their goods and have a little money to pay what they owe. But while the older folks are very busy, so are the children. The boys go about the streets offering, as they say, to sell their greediness or any other bad habit, so that when the wonderful New Year comes in they will have none of these bad things. Then a great feast is prepared, and the girls must help to cook and go round the shops; for, just as on our Bank Holidays, nobody can buy food on the great day. The shopkeepers, like the rest of the folk, are far too intent on worshipping ancestors or calling on their friends to sell foodstuffs. Houses are decorated with pieces of paper, on which are printed words expressing a wish for happiness. Everybody has these papers, which may be purchased anywhere already printed. Even the beggars buy them, but not for hanging on their own houses; very likely they have no houses. They take them round, and paste them up on the doors of the richest people in the town, or the people they know to be the most generous. They do this when nobody is looking, for the beggars are usually very well known, and a house owner would order them away if he saw them. But if the beggar succeeds in hanging up one of these messages, he calls next morning and asks to be paid, and quite likely he will be given a good sum, for the people know to their cost what happens if they refuse a beggar. Shopkeepers particularly would not dare to refuse the beggar's request, for ever afterwards the man would come hanging about the shop-door frightening away customers by his looks and words.

When at last the day comes, there is a great deal of

feasting and jollity. Everyone who can appears in the streets in his finest clothes, to greet his friends or call upon them, and generally, as a Chinese gentleman or lady is seen leaving home, he or she will be noticed to be carrying a big piece of sugar-cane. This sugar is given to the various friends on whom the giver calls, and it is supposed to be a sign of very kindly feelings to remember each member of the family by giving each a little piece.

The boys call on their schoolmasters with presents, and we may be sure that the master gives them a great deal of wise advice, which they quickly forget. To the boys and girls, however, the chief delight of the New Year is the great amount of food which is given to them. All kinds of cakes are baked, while the most delicious dishes of pork and fowls are made by the clever cooks. But the children do not have to say to themselves that there will be no other festival for a whole year. There are several such festivals, of which the oddest is perhaps the one at which the spirits of beggars are worshipped. The Chinese say that when a beggar dies there is nobody to worship his spirit; but that being so, they go on, the spirit will be angry. They know to their cost what some of the beggars are when alive. They have their own king, and are a power in the land. When they die, if they are allowed to feel neglected, they will be sure to revenge themselves on the people who are alive. So the people worship the dead spirits and show them respect, and imagine that by so doing they will escape a great deal of unhappiness which they think the spirits could, if they so wished, bring upon them. All

Eastern peoples believe that these spirits are watching them from behind tiles and all kinds of odd corners, ready at any moment to rush out and injure the passer-by. But the festivals which the boys and girls like best are those when the sun and moon are worshipped. When the moon is to be worshipped everyone climbs upon the roof of the house and hangs out lanterns. Bonfires are lighted, and as much light is shown as possible. This is, of course, intended as a compliment to the moon. Some of the bonfires are splendid affairs. But even more odd than this festival is that called the worship of the sun. This is specially interesting if the sun is going to have an eclipse ; for the people believe that the eclipse really means that the poor sun is being attacked by the dogs of the sky. They try, therefore, to make all the noise they can to scare away the dogs, and when at last they see the sun shine out once more, they think they have saved the poor thing from being torn to death. Everybody who can will buy crackers for these different festivals, and make as much noise with them as they can. To make a noise is, indeed, considered a fine thing, even when one is in school. But at a time of festival, whether one has crackers, a drum, a pair of cymbals, or a trumpet, one is sure to be praised if one creates such a din as makes it impossible for anyone to be heard.

On the ninth of the ninth month there is a festival held, in which kite-flying has a great place. When the kite is flying high in the air the string is cut, and the man who cuts it believes that when it falls it will carry with it all the misfortunes which before were hanging over his head and the heads of his family.

# Chinese Fun

Kite-flying is one of the favourite amusements of the Chinese, just as it is of the Japanese. Fathers of families, grown-up men with serious faces, enjoy flying a kite just as an English father likes a game of golf. The kites of the Chinese are not like ours, for they have no tails. Another strange thing about them is that sometimes a little piece of wire is fitted inside, and when the wind blows against it a faint sound like music may be heard. Some of these kites are of such great size that it takes five men to carry one of them. They are made to look like ships, birds, baskets of flowers, or even men.

The Chinese boys have no games such as we know. Cricket they never play, but boat-races are sometimes held, and the boys amuse themselves also with stilts. Some of them learn to do gymnastic exercises, and strong men go about the country showing their strength. One of them was seen to throw a bamboo pole 30 feet long into the air, and catch it on his head.

The Chinese are not musical, though they love mere sound. But blind women earn a living by singing, and when an employer has men working for him and he wants them to finish a job, he will sometimes hire these blind singers to amuse them, and to help them not to mind being kept late.

But the great delight of the Chinese is in crackers. With these they are always happy.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE BIGGEST WALL IN THE WORLD

The most famous sight in China is the Great Wall, called by some "the wall of 10,000 miles." A mile in China being only about a third of our mile, we should reckon the wall to be about 3,000 miles long. It is really rather less than this, but nevertheless is a very wonderful piece of work.

The Great Wall was built by the Emperor Shih Hwangti. He was a very powerful and ambitious man, who, in order to make certain of his own fame, ordered his people always to speak of him as the *First* Emperor of China. So that after-generations should not know anything about the Emperors who had reigned before him, he ordered that all records of their deeds should be destroyed. This was a great blow to the wise and learned men whose business it was to keep these books, and to add to them as time passed.

One day he held a meeting of State servants and of learned men. He asked a State servant what he thought of what he (the Emperor) had done. The servant said it was all wise and good. Then he turned to the learned men, who objected to everything, saying that the old ways were always best. Finally, the Emperor called on his Chancellor for his opinion. The Chancellor thereupon advised that all books should be burnt but those on medicine, farming, and divination. Particularly did he advise that books on manners should be burnt.

ON THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

In thirty days all the books were destroyed, save a few which some frantic scholar was able to conceal in the bottom of a river. When some of the scholars still resisted, Chin had four hundred of them buried alive.

The wall was built by slaves, and the workers were treated with the greatest cruelty. It is said that a race of pigmies, or little people, living near to a district through which the wall was being built, being small and weak, or, perhaps, a little bit lazy, refused to help; whereupon Chin had them thrown into the wall and made part of it. The wall is very high in some places, and runs, not only through plains, but over the tops of high mountains. Its highest part is 10,000 feet above sea level. When Chin planned it, he meant to make it in the shape of a horse-shoe, each end being on the sea coast. The Chinese have some strange ideas about the wall. Some think that all Chin did was to ride on a magic horse, and that wherever the hoofs of the horse touched the wall sprang up behind. Others believe that the mortar of the wall will work wonderful cures. Dr. Giel mentions one:

"If you cut a mouth in your hand, take of the magic mortar *quantum suff.* and pulverize; take an unborn mouse, and mash it into powdered lime; apply the ointment to the mouth. Should the mouse not be available, substitute oil."

Such is a Chinese prescription. It will not only cure a bad cut, but will also cure stomach-ache!

Though the Wall is the greatest of Chinese sights, and few English visitors miss seeing it, some of the people who live quite near have themselves not seen

it once. Dr. Geil, who is an authority on the subject of the Great Wall, tells us that he once met a coolie only three miles from the Wall who said he had never seen it. He had, he explained, to work so hard getting firewood during the day that he had no time or strength to travel three miles and three miles back to see the sight in which the white man was so much interested.

## CHAPTER XII

### CHINA AFLOAT

China has many great rivers, and the possession of such means large trade. The greatest of these rivers is the Yangtse-kiang. This descends 16,000 feet in about 1,600 miles, coming down through dark and gloomy ravines. Then it suddenly widens at Ping-shan, the centre of a great boat traffic. From the banks of this vast river many canals lead, and it is said that upon the south side alone there are no less than 36,000 miles of canal. The largest ships in the world can sail 600 miles up the Yangtse, and the river cuts right through China from the sea to Chungking and beyond. Its tributaries lead through great lakes.

Higher up the river are gorges shut in by rocks. These are very beautiful, and even rather terrifying. When sailing up these gorges, the traveller journeys in a junk, which is clumsy. A traveller, Lady S. Townley, tells us that the crew consists of the *laobar*, or captain, two pilots, a number of men called "trackers," and a cook, who has to do his work in a

very tiny kitchen. In addition to the captain and crew in the larger boat, four or five men in a "red" boat accompany the party. These men know the rapids and their dangers, and are there to guide the travellers through. The trackers are wonderful little men. It is their business to tow the ship along, as in England we sometimes see a horse towing a canal barge. The tow-line is tied to the top of the mast, and the little men run along, scrambling over the rocks without the least fear, and always manage to keep the rope tight. If the pilot on board sees any danger before him, making it needful for the boat to stop speed, he beats a drum, and at once the men on the rocks stand still as if they had no power to move again. Sometimes they find themselves before a rock which even they cannot get over, and then the red boat comes to their rescue, and takes them up, and finally puts them aboard their own ship. While at work on the rocks, the trackers are harnessed, one behind the other, by means of thongs, on which they lean with their whole weight, so much so that they seem sometimes to be almost lying flat down. Jumping up and down around them, armed with a whip, and shrieking wildly, is an overseer. They have nothing to do but pull. Two other men follow, however, and it is their business to free the rope should it get entangled in the rocks.

When it is impossible to get by a rock, and the red boat has put the trackers on board their ship again, they seize the oars and strain at these, while they keep up a strange chant. In the middle of them, as they work and sing, sits the cook, calmly preparing the rice,

which, whenever possible, the crew eat eagerly. The men need their food, for their work is very hard ; but, besides being hard, it often means a good deal of pain. The trackers have nothing to protect their feet as they scramble up and down the rock, with its many sharp points, and often come back to the junk with bad wounds. The rope, too, hurts their backs. Yet those who have seen them say they are always cheerful, and ready to face whatever danger faces them.

On some of the rivers is to be seen in the autumn a very strange and wonderful sight ; for it is then that one may see what is called the " Great Bore." It looks like a great wall of water, and comes up the river from the sea at a terrible pace—so quickly that not even the fastest steamers could hope to fly before it. With a loud roar, the water sweeps along, and woe betide any unfortunate fisherman whose ship is in the middle of the stream. How fearfully must those who have sons or husbands on the river hear that terrible sound ! For it can be distinctly heard long before it comes in sight. In this fact lies the fisherman's only hope. He may be sitting at his ease, chatting comfortably to a companion, when on his ears will break the terrible voice of the coming bore. At once he springs, as it were, to life, and so does the man beside him. They do not need to exchange a word, though, being Chinamen, they probably exchange many. Each knows what must be done. Away from the middle of the stream they must get as fast as paddle or sail will carry them. Perhaps already the bore is in sight. What a struggle is now seen by whoever watches from the shore ! It is indeed a race of life and death. Gal-

lantly the men pull, with eyes on the coming danger. Can they save themselves ? They do not lack hope, for how often in other years have they escaped ! And at last they see the welcome bank near at hand. Friendly hands are stretched out to assist. The boat is hauled in. They are safe. But they know what their mistake was : they did not watch the time. The hour of the bore's arrival is known, but the fishermen do not always regard the time, and therein lies their danger.

On the Chinese rivers there ply ferry-steamers. These are not always run by the city. In China a philanthropist, who in this country might give money to build a park or a hospital, will leave provision for giving the people of his district a free ferry. But the boatmen, nevertheless, do a great business on the rivers of China. These men at one time watched with angry looks any changes in the kind of boat used. One day a steam launch appeared beside the quay at Ningpo. Instantly the boatmen revolted. But to-day they say nothing, for China is now making progress in her seafaring methods. Launches to carry two or three hundred people are now quite a common sight.

But while the people do not now oppose the use of a new kind of boat, they still cling to many of their ancient craft. Small and large market-boats crowd their rivers. Each boat has got great red eyes and white eyeballs. These eyes are not for the captain's use ; they are for the use of the boat itself ! The Chinese think that even a vessel has some of the powers of a human being. A very favourite craft is what is called by Englishmen a snake-boat, because of its wriggling motion. This little vessel is very narrow, and can

get up the shallowest rivers against the tide. Attached to the boat is one long scull, which is worked by the boatman with his bare feet. His hands are occupied in steering. He stands up, with his back against an upright board ; then, with his weight against this, he pushes forward his legs against the scull, and away goes the boat at quite a fast pace.

But if you are a passenger on one of these vessels, you must be content to lie down on your back upon your roll of bedding ; for these boats have what is called a tilt, or low canvas roof, over one section to protect the passengers from the heat of the sun or a fall of rain, and the tilt is so low that it is impossible to sit up and keep one's head under it ; as for standing up, if one did so, the boat would at once capsize.

One of the great sights of China is the Grand Canal. This was built by Kubla Khan, a famous Emperor of the old days.

He felt the need of some way of carrying the tribute of the people of South China to his capital in the North ; so, as there were many canals, he decided to link them up, and make, as it were, one great canal of 1,600 miles. The people who lived near the banks, and who might be expected some day to get the benefit of the great trade which the canal would bring them, were forced to build it ; for in those days Emperors were quite ready to make a slave of anyone whom they needed to carry out one of their plans. But though the people of the day suffered hardship, the canal has been a great blessing to those who have come after.

## CHAPTER XIII

### CHANGES IN CHINA

Many changes are taking place in China. Though some of these are good, most people will be sorry that certain picturesque ways of the people are being allowed to be forgotten. But one practice of the Chinese which is being given up nobody who really cares for the people of China can regret. This is the practice of taking a drug called opium. This drug makes a man dream dreams, and pass for a short time into a condition of seeming happiness. But the dreams are false, and the happiness is unreal. When he comes back to the world, he comes with his will weakened, and with a great longing for one thing only, and that one thing is more opium. When a man once begins to give way to the opium habit it is very hard indeed for him to escape it, and very likely he will die in one of the opium-dens. The English nation, we are sorry to say, is partly responsible for the Chinese use of opium, for many years ago we founded a trade in opium from India to China, and compelled the Chinese to let the poisonous drug into their country.

All this has now been changed. A decree has gone forth from the Emperor that no opium-dens are to be permitted. Moreover, the cultivation of the poppy, from which the drug is obtained, has also been ordered to be given up, and the ground on which it was formerly raised is to be used for other crops. The people have not shown themselves rebellious; they have, in fact,

been glad to see the use of opium stopped. On one occasion in Hangchow eight thousand opium pipes were ordered to be destroyed, so the people lighted a great bonfire, and then, with flags flying and drums and horns and bugles sounding, they bore the pipes to the flames and threw them in. A great advance, even on this, has now been arranged. The British Government in India has promised that by 1917 all trade in opium between India and China shall end. But they go further, and say that as soon as the Chinese cease wholly from growing the poppy from which opium is obtained, the Indian trade shall be stopped at once. As China hopes to destroy the whole of her opium trade in two years, there is a good prospect that by the end of that time the greatest of all evils in China—the drug which has made millions of fine men weak in body and mind—will be driven out for ever. No more shall we, as a nation, have cause to think with shame of the poison which we are compelling the Chinese to take from us. We shall feel now that England is free from the old stain.

Another custom which China is beginning to give up is the closing of the city gates at night. Formerly this was considered a custom the continuance of which nothing ought to stop. The rule was that, as soon as the sun set, the gatekeeper lighted a red tallow candle. The candle flickered and burnt in the wind. In about twenty minutes it had burnt away. As soon as the last flash disappeared, the keepers rose, and, stepping to the gates, closed them for the night. The very next moment, perhaps, the Governor of the town would come up on the outside ; but, say what he would,

A GATEWAY OF THE GREAT WALL AT NANKOW PASS.

greatest man of the town though he might be, he would not be admitted. It did not follow, all the same, that because the gate was kept closed one would have to stay outside all night. Later in the evening it was the custom to lower a basket from the wall to receive the mail; and when a foreigner found himself quite unable to persuade the guards to admit him, he would be consoled by their proposal that he should get into the basket, and be brought up in that way.

But to-day this custom of keeping the gates closed is being given up. At the chief times of pilgrimage, when thousands come to worship at the great temples of Tienchuh and Linyin, the gates are, by special order, left open till midnight. These festivals fall due in April, when the weather is warm. Moreover, if a doctor in the town should be wanted by a patient outside, he can now get through without trouble. Yet not so long ago the greatest men in the land might argue with the gatekeepers all night without persuading them to open the door.

Not only is the old picturesque habit of the closing of the gates being allowed to cease, but the walls, which make it possible to lock up the city, are being neglected and permitted to crumble away. For at last China is awake; after the sleep of centuries her eyes are opening. She finds that the world has moved while she has slept, and that the time for city-walls, and junks, and superstitions, has gone for ever.

Another of the evil customs of China which is slowly being given up is that of foot-binding. As is well known, it has been the practice of the people for

thousands of years to bind up the feet of little girls in the hope of keeping them small.

A great deal of good was done when, in 1905, the Empress Dowager issued a decree, saying that in future the feet of girls need not be bound up. This, of course, was not saying that they *must* not be bound ; but many people were ready to give up the custom when so important a person as the Dowager Empress said it was not a needful custom. But the end of foot-binding had not yet come. Some of the great officials, however, decided that the decree was so important that it should be used, not merely to allow the people to cease foot-binding, but to compel them to cease. And so now a number of these great men have made an agreement between themselves to do all in their power to rid their country of the practice.

As in China a Governor is practically the law-maker of the province over which he rules, the influence which these men have is very great. It is thought that thirty-two million women and girls will be touched by their action. What these mandarins are doing is to send inspectors about the towns and the villages to speak to the people, and tell them that foot-binding is a very foolish and cruel practice. These wise mandarins are also sending forth books and tracts, telling the people to give up the habit, and they are, too, helping those who agree with them to form anti-foot-binding societies, just as we in England form societies to prevent cruelty to children or to animals. Whenever any such society succeeds in reducing foot-binding, the official in charge is to celebrate the event by presenting to it a special tablet with words of praise

printed on it. When handing over the tablet, it is ordered that there shall be playing of music and rejoicing, to show that the lot of the people is really becoming more happy.

Last year, a regular inspection of all the homes in the provinces under these mandarins was begun, and girls under ten, whether at home, at school, or anywhere else, were then and are to be strictly forbidden to bind their feet.

This year (1911) another inspection will be made, and the names will be taken of all girls between eleven and sixteen who continue to bind. These names will be placed in a list, and the list will be sent to the mandarins. When the mandarins find out who is responsible for the binding of the feet of the various girls, they will fine these people for not attending to the decree. The fine will be in accordance with the parents' power to pay. Poor people will have to pay a dollar, but official folk will have to pay four dollars for every girl found in their homes with bound feet. The fine will be laid upon them each year that they refuse to obey, and each time it will be increased. On the other hand, the people who obey will be rewarded by receiving a silver medal with these words inscribed upon it: "A woman who is submissive to authority." This reward will be given to the parents of all girls whose feet are set free, and to all women who unbind their own feet.

For hundreds of years the Chinese were content with the slowest of slow travel by means of bullock-waggons. To-day, however, it is possible to leave London on the first of the month, and to reach

Peking on the twelfth or thirteenth of the same month. For to-day Peking has a splendid railway-station. Not only so. If, on arriving in Peking, one decides that one will go south, one may travel 750 miles of the way by train—that is, to Hankow. In two years more it will be possible to travel by train to Canton, and even Hong Kong, far away to the southward.

The Chinese have taken very quickly to the use of the telegraph and the telephone, and a London magazine says that the Chinese newspapers print far more accurate telegraphic news than we do at home. Peking, like others of the great towns of China, formerly had thousands of examination halls; but these are now being pulled down in order that a new and modern college may take their place. Then, again, the Chinese are buying, and even themselves making, the newest machinery. In Hong Kong they have built a great iron mill, in which they make steel rails and beams. These are their own concerns, and they will not let any foreigner have a share in them. But not only are the Chinese trying to push ahead within their own borders, but they are seeking to do well, and to show themselves clever men of business in various parts of the world. Not long ago a Chinaman set up a successful bean-factory in Paris. In the present year, as we shall see, England has been visited by the first Chinese lady to take a doctor's degree.

The Chinese have made great improvements in their cities. The late Sir Robert Hart, a great Englishman who went to China to manage the Customs of the country, remembered a time when the streets of Peking were in such a terrible condition that it was possible for

a coolie to be drowned in mud in a main street. Things are very different to-day. Instead of unpaved roads, the great cities have macadamized streets, such as we have in England; these are lighted with electric lamps, and the traveller can get about in a motor-car.

In former days the Chinese had a coin called *cash*, which was almost the only kind used; but to-day they use a bronze coin brought in from Europe or America, in appearance like a halfpenny, but of a value only one-fifth of our penny; and now they are going to try to set up a proper coinage, with coins each having a value in correct proportion to the others.

But another great change is about to take place in China. The effect of this it is hard for us to foresee, but it will be a great effect. Hundreds of years ago the Barons of England received the Magna Charta from King John, and from that time, in spite of passing oppressions from such unjust Kings as James I. and Charles I., we have been a free people. It is only now that the Chinese are to be free. But within two years they are to have what is called Responsible Government—that is, the Ministers will have to obey the Parliament; they will not be free to do just as they like. It will not be a perfect Government, because the Prince Regent, who represents the present boy Emperor, wishes two of the Ministers who will be appointed to take their orders direct from him. Apart from this fault, however, the new system will be a good one, and a very great improvement on any known before in China. Hitherto, as we have explained, China has been governed on what is called the Patriarchal System—that is, a system by which the Emperor

is obeyed by the great Ministers of State, who in turn are obeyed by the Governors of provinces, who in their turn are obeyed by the magistrates of districts, who are obeyed by the people. But for the past twelve months China has had a National Assembly, and this will now make the laws of the country. The Prime Minister will have to follow, not the Emperor's wishes, but those of the Parliament, and if he does not—out he will go! The Parliament will not be elected exactly as is our Parliament. The members will, nevertheless, be partly sent to represent the various great provinces of China, so that, to some extent, there will be representatives of the people in the Chinese Houses of Parliament. We cannot look into the future of the great country and see what the granting of her freedom will mean to her; what it will mean to her people to be ruled, not by an Emperor in a far-distant city, but by representatives from the homes of the people themselves. But we can guess some of the effects. Less and less will one magistrate, professing to act for the Emperor, be able to enrich himself by fining and punishing the people in his charge. More and more will the Ministers learn to fear, not their Emperor who rules them, but the people whom, with themselves, he rules.

Some other changes are described to us by the Chinese lady of whom we have written, who has lately visited our shores.

Hitherto we have been apt to think of the Chinese as a people to visit rather than a people to visit us. We must not forget, however, that to the people of other nations we are the "foreigner," and we must

remember to welcome any visitors from other countries who may come among us, with all the politeness we can muster. As the years pass, we are sure to receive more and more visits from Chinese and Japanese wishful to study our ways, and even this year we have had a visit from the first lady doctor who has appeared in China. Let us remember that women have still little importance in China. Let us next think of the great value of the work which a doctor is able to do. And then let us recall that in China even the men doctors are most of them ignorant enough to prescribe tigers' bones. If we think of these things, we shall be able to realize to some extent what a wonderful thing it is that a Chinese woman should learn how to become a real doctor, fit to practise, if necessary, even in this country. The effect of this lady's skill will be not only to cure her countrymen, but to improve the position of all the women of China ; for when she is able to cure, as she will be able to do, when the remedies of the supposed learned men-doctors of China fail, people will begin to think that, after all, women must be more worthy of respect than they ever supposed.

The lady's name is Dr. Yamei Kin. She is the first Chinese woman to study medicine. This she did at the Women's Medical College at New York. Here she received the degree granted by the American University of Cornell. Then she went back to her own country, and was immediately made head of the Women's Medical Department of the Chinese Government in North China. But she was not content to stand still. She wanted to see her sisters, the other women of China, beginning to

study medicine, not as they were taught to do it in their own land, but as she had seen it done in America. So, three years ago, Dr. Kin founded a training-school for nurses at Tientsin, and also opened a hospital and a dispensary, where poor people could have medicines given to them. Her hospital is only a little one, with twenty beds in it, but the dispensary is a large one, and Dr. Kin told an English writer that last year 20,000 patients visited it. Dr. Kin's head-nurse was trained at Guy's Hospital, in London, and she says that there are now several Chinese women besides herself who possess degrees entitling them to practise as doctors. There is a Chinese lady studying medicine in Edinburgh at this moment.

Dr. Kin hopes, by means of her school at Tientsin, to teach the women of China not only how to nurse their sick, but how to keep themselves and the people around them from falling sick through neglecting to make their homes and streets clean and healthy. Dr. Kin hopes that, as knowledge spreads, the narrow streets will be widened, the old houses will be pulled down, and a proper supply of good pure water obtained. She is very glad to notice that the cities of her country are taking down their walls; for, as she says, if a city has no walls it can grow. If, on the other hand, all new houses must be built within the same walls which were standing hundreds of years ago, when there were fewer houses, the new buildings must take up room which might otherwise be left free.

When China has learnt Western ways, when she has made roads, laid railways, joined all her towns by telephone and telegraph, built herself great merchantmen

THE NORTH GATE OF HANGCHOW

to sail the seas to Europe, she will be China still, but she will be a new China. And when China becomes new, she will become powerful. She will have a great influence on events; she will help to make history. For her people are not a dull people; once their minds are aroused, they are quick and clever. They can take in ideas as well as any nation. Let us, then, remember all this, and hope that the Chinese people will learn the best of our ideas, studying our religion, our inventions, our learning, our way of doing justice to prisoners, our methods of making laws, our skill in healing the sick, but not imitating those of our people, and the other peoples of Europe, who believe that a nation is great only in proportion to the amount of money it can earn or the number of people it can kill.

And now China falls behind us. Our faces are towards the North-East.

# KOREA

## CHAPTER I

### "THE HERMIT KINGDOM"

If we were to make our way north-eastward through China, we should at last enter a peninsula, the people of which would seem to us different from the Chinese. And if we could spare the time to make our homes in this land, and could stay for a few years watching the ways of the people, we should notice that they were growing daily less and less like the people of China; for this country is the land of Korea, and, though at one time the Koreans copied the ways of the Chinese, they are now under the rule of Japan.

Korea is not much known to the people of Europe. The first foreigners to enter the country were Dutchmen, who, wrecked upon the lonely Korean coast, scrambled ashore, and made their way to the capital. Here one of their number lived to become a great man under the Emperor, and for years helped to rule the country.

In 1653 another Dutch ship was driven ashore, and of her crew about thirty men settled down in the land in which they found themselves.

But soon the Koreans grew to dislike foreigners, and the Emperor forbade any to enter the country, and

Korea came to be called the "Hermit Kingdom." In the nineteenth century reports began to reach the Koreans of foreign Ambassadors coming to China, and these reports filled them with terror. There were, at this time, a number of French missionaries in the country. Resolved to drive away all foreigners, the Koreans fell upon these priests, and cruelly killed them.

But Korea was not much longer to regard the whole world as her enemy, and in 1878 she made a treaty with Japan—a country which had herself only just then awakened from a long sleep. In a few years agreements were made between Korea and America, England, France, and Germany.

The nation of Korea is supposed to be three thousand years old. Thi Tize, who is believed to have been the founder of the country, came from China with some thousands of his countrymen in 1122 B.C. He called the land "Chosen," which means "Morning Calm." For nine centuries this kingdom continued to flourish, and further companies of Chinese continued to come east from time to time. The early Koreans had been wild people dwelling in holes in the ground, but under the influence of the Chinese they took to living in houses. There were several changes in the country's rulers. At last the different Kings became very hard in their dealings with their people, and so, at last, the Koreans chose a working man, named Ni Tayo, to be their ruler. This man, while King, introduced the examination methods of China, as well as the Chinese dress and customs. One of these customs was a certain way of doing the hair. The Chinese, by

order of their Emperor, a member of the Manchu race, some time afterwards began to wear the well-known pigtail, but the Koreans continued to do their hair in the old way.

Korea at this time lost its old name of Chosen ; but this has been given back to it by the Japanese, and as Chosen, or " Morning Calm," this interesting country is known to-day.

## CHAPTER II

### THE COUNTRY OF THE KOREANS

Korea has several mountains, the highest being Paik-tu-san, which is over 8,000 feet high. The Korean climate is said to be the finest in the world. Its wettest month is July, and its driest month December. The country has few good harbours, and the tide on the east coast scarcely shows any difference from day to day. It never rises more than 1 to 2 feet. On the west coast, however, it rises 26 to 28 feet.

The animals and birds of Korea include tigers, many leopards, bears, deer, foxes, beavers, otters, tiger-cats, pigs, squirrels, pheasants, swans, geese, thrushes, rooks, doves, and many other creatures. Black eagles are common, and even appear near towns.

The best of the manufactures of the country is oiled paper. This is used for many purposes, but is chiefly employed in Korea, as in China, in the same way as we use waterproofs. Though it is merely paper, it is so strong that it would be possible to bid a man to stand upon it, and then to raise him from the ground

Koreans are often big, but are not as fat as one would expect. The men carry themselves well, and, indeed, take great care of the way they walk. To move about with a fine, graceful, swinging motion is supposed to be a mark of high birth. Some people of the highest rank in Korea still think that it looks well not to be able to walk too sturdily, and accordingly make themselves look foolish by tottering a little in their movements. But this custom cannot live, now that they have an increasing knowledge of the ways of other nations.

In appearance, the upper-class people look more like Europeans than like the races around them. They have pink and brown complexions, and seem far more like ourselves than the people of Japan or China. They have dark eyes, which appear through what seem slits. We notice, too, that many men, as in China, wear long goatee beards.

The Korean is very strong ; a baggage-porter thinks nothing of carrying a load weighing 100 pounds. The people are very quick in understanding one's meaning, but they are not very firm in character. They care very little about danger. In a city round which tigers are known to roam a family will cheerfully go to sleep with doors left open. If the tiger but knew, he would only have to step into the house to find whatever he wanted. So careless are the people that when the electric tramway was set up in the capital, a number of men made themselves very comfortable on the tramlines, resting their heads upon the metals and going off to sleep. Yet not long before these very trams had filled them with fear, lest the

A LEARNED KOREAN WHO WAS INTERPRETER
AT THE BRITISH LEGATION

noise made by the cars should frighten the dragon whom they believed to live under the city.

The upper-class people are very extravagant, but they are kind enough, and it is by trading on their generosity that the numerous beggars are able to live. Of these beggars many are blind, though it is not always easy to know whether the Korean has his sight or not; for the blind man in Seoul, the capital, does not go about the streets tapping with a stick or led by a little dog. He walks about with the greatest ease, and seems to find his blindness of very little inconvenience at all. The blind do a large trade in Korea as soothsayers. When a Korean wants to get his son married, or to build a house, or, in fact, to do anything which he considers important, he first goes to one of these blind soothsayers and asks him to discover the best day for doing the particular thing he intends. He believes, as the Chinaman believes, that if a man is blind he has the power of second sight, which enables him to see into the future.

As in China, so in Korea, it is considered good manners to talk loudly. The idea that "little boys should be seen and not heard" would cause much surprise if explained to one of this race. At school the boys say their lessons as loudly as they can, and shout on all occasions, and this is a training for their future work. Before long they possess very powerful voices.

The Koreans hunt tigers, and when they kill one they believe that they have obtained something of great value to health. A Manchurian tiger's bones may, they think, be used to make medicines, while if the terrible beast is only eaten they believe that its flesh will make

the eater quite fearless, so that not even tigers will frighten him.

The upper class travel about in chairs. The bearers are wonderful fellows. They can keep up a steady trot at the rate of five miles an hour for great distances, only pausing occasionally at a wayside shop to buy fruit with which to keep up their strength. When the journey is nearing its end, the men, so far from showing weariness, increase their pace, and finish up with what we should call a spurt. The chair is carried by four bearers, while four others travel with it to take their turn. A traveller tells how, when travelling through the country, the bearers, after a day's travel of many miles, ended the journey with a smart run. The chair is carried in the same way as in China. Two bearers walk close, one to the back of the chair and the other just in front, holding the poles in their hands, while two support on one shoulder a short piece of wood attached by a linen cord to the shafts. These men do the hardest work, for the weight of the chair is really on them. So heavy is the burden that it has to be shifted from one shoulder to the other constantly. The Koreans of all classes are great travellers, from the *Tangban*, or great noble, journeying in his chair, to the poor coolie. There is one class which is always on the move, and that is the pedlars. These men are licensed. Some carry on their backs frames covered with netting, and containing hens, which, though they seem rather uncomfortable, lie quietly enough. These pedlars belong to a guild, and are quite a powerful body of men. Indeed, in the old days the Government dared not inter-

fere with them. There is little travelling at night, for the people fear to meet the tigers that lurk in the forests. No man knows but that, as he goes fearfully upon his way, a sudden stealthy movement in a bush will fall upon his ear, and two terrible eyes will be seen looking out at him. To pass through any kind of jungle sets the Korean's heart quaking, and if he must journey after sunset, he arranges to do so with companions who also must travel. Then, hurrying off together into the darkness, they bang drums, wave torches, and make as much commotion as possible, hoping all the time that should a hungry tiger espy them from behind a tree, he will decide that they are far too strange and terrible people to go near.

The Japanese will gradually teach the Koreans how to improve their roads; but hitherto these have been very bad. Over these roads ox-sleds may sometimes be seen making their way. But the greater portion of the goods carried in Korea is drawn by ponies, men, or one of the Korean bulls. The last is a fine handsome creature, red in colour, who is made quite tame when young by having a ring put through its nose. A little boy has no need to be afraid of a Korean bull, so gentle has it become. These bulls are used very much to carry brushwood from the hills, so that the people of Seoul and other towns may have fuel with which to keep their houses warm. Goods, whether carried by bulls, men, or ponies, are borne in evenly balanced baskets. Bulls and ponies carry panniers so constructed that whatever is placed within them need not be lifted out, but can be released by opening the bottom. If soil were wanted on a par-

ticular spot, the pony would be set to stand over it, the bottom of the soil pannier taken out, and all would be over. There would be no need to unload it slowly with the help of a spade. Bulls are shod with iron in Korea, just as the ponies are here.

The people of Korea do not play many of the games that we know and love. There are no Korean cricket elevens nor football teams. But the people like chess and draughts, and, though they are not musical, they are very fond of the flute.

They are tremendous eaters. The Japanese have a saying to the effect that a Korean is worth two Japanese at eating. They can and do eat anything—meat, fish, fowls, grain, vegetables, fruit in great quantities, and often uncooked. They also eat dogflesh, though it is not supposed to be well-bred to do so. But, strange to say, considering how much of it is drunk in the countries near to it, tea is not a part of the Korean's meal. Korean cooks are very clever, and people who have tried food prepared respectively by Japanese, Chinese, and Korean cooks say that the last-named are the best. All meals are taken at small tables, one for each eater, which are placed on the floor, and reach but a few inches from the ground. Before this the eater squats, armed with wooden spoons or chop-sticks, and quickly gets rid of whatever is placed before him. But he is not easily satisfied, and the cook of a Korean gentleman will get into very serious trouble if he does not have great quantities of meat and fish ready for his master.

Until Korea passed into Japanese hands, the head of the country was the Emperor, who was a very powerful

person indeed. He could order any punishment he liked, and sometimes he showed his power ; but more often he was influenced by his Ministers. There were nine of these, who were supposed to get their places by examination, as in China. But, as it was considered improper for the great nobles to work with their hands, and as they were, many of them, very poor, the best positions were always given to them. A courtier got out of favour with the Emperor for some very small thing, and was quickly banished ; but quite likely at the end of a week he would be recalled and given a splendid welcome. Next to the great nobles in rank are the farmers, and below them are the traders and workmen. There used to be a great deal of oppression by one class of that just below it. The great nobles used to tax the farmers, and the farmers the coolie. So cruelly was the poor coolie treated that it was never worth his while to save money. As soon as a powerful magistrate or farmer heard that somebody had got even a small sum, down he would fall on the thrifty person with some new tax, and in a few minutes the hard-treasured wages would be out of the coolie's pocket and in the magistrate's. Until lately, certainly before 1895, monks, butchers, letter-carriers, and sorcerers were all considered to follow what were called " vile " callings.

The Koreans were once great craftsmen, making beautiful pottery and other articles. In early days the Koreans taught their clever ways to the Japanese, but nowadays they show little skill. One reason for their not doing the fine work which their forefathers did is that they are too poor either to buy good

materials or to give the time necessary to do good work. But the chief reason for the falling away of the Koreans as craftsmen is this : that every family makes its own pots and furniture. Think how jolly it would be, whenever one broke a cup or saucer, to be able to go off to one's kitchen and fashion another. For everyone to make his own articles, however, has a serious disadvantage for a person who would like to set up in trade.

There is no one to buy.

And not only is there no encouragement for potters : there would not be much of a living for a tailor setting up in business in Korea, for the women of the house, besides doing many other things, make all the clothes worn by the family. They also make the shoes. The farmer makes his own tools, his own plough, and his own harness. So here, again, there is very little business offering to a toolmaker or a harness-maker.

Foreign visitors to the country who come with money to buy beautiful presents for their friends at home, look round, visit the shops, and are disappointed. Having been in Japan, and bought pieces of pottery and inlaid work, they hope to do the same in Korea ; but, as they say, there is nothing to buy.

Like the Chinese and Japanese, the Koreans have a great reverence for old age. If you have grey hair it excites respect. To be old is to be honoured. If an English lady were to hesitate when asked her age, fearful that she should be thought old, the Korean would suppose that she was afraid of boasting. It is therefore a very polite thing to ask a guest how old

he or she is, and when a person is able to say that he is sixty, he is at once raised in the opinion of the Korean gentleman addressing him. A Korean of that age is supposed to spend his time either in thought or in remembering the past.

## CHAPTER III

### VISITING AND POLITENESS

THERE are many things to remember when paying a call. If the host and his visitor are of equal rank, the host sits so that he faces west, while the guest is placed so that he looks towards the east. But if the guest is an inferior, he must face north. When making a call in the capital, we leave the broad street and pass into a narrow lane. When we reach the house which we wish to visit, we see before us an entrance gate, beside which are two small gatehouses. The first thing to be done is to call the gatekeeper. One call will probably not be enough, for the keeper, like the rest of his countrymen, is a great eater, and if he happens to be at one of his feastings, it will take several calls to rouse him from his little table on the floor. He will generally prefer to finish his meal before showing his face. But when he does appear the visitor says, "*Pouen isso*" (Lady is). If he answers, "*Upso*," the visitor knows that the lady is not wishful to receive visitors. But if the answer is "*Isso*," the visitor understands that she may enter. She gives her card to the gatekeeper, who now consents to open the gate and to conduct the

visitor up the path. But at the door he pauses, for he must not go farther. He hands the visitor's card, therefore, to a maid, who at once carries off the card to her mistress. When the mistress has consented to see the visitor, the maid returns and shows her to a sitting-room. Miss Taylor tells us that these women-servants laugh a great deal while doing their duties. They like the visitors to recognize them, and will smile in the most friendly way in order to be noticed. But Korean servants are sometimes very troublesome. One of the favourite tricks of the cook is to wait until a visitor has sat down with his mistress, and then to rush in and say there is no food in the house. But, on the other hand, some of these servants are very devoted, particularly if they are travelling with their masters. They then do all they can to make the journey easy.

The Koreans have suffered in many ways through taking all their ideas from the Chinese. Some of the most useless customs have been copied. It is only quite lately that the methods of counting money ceased to be as inconvenient as the Chinese way. Copper *cash* was used everywhere, and as the *cash* is of small value, it was necessary for the traveller to take with him thousands of these small coins. It was no use his having a purse. The value of the contents of his purse, when stuffed full of *cash*, would not equal a penny of our money. Three thousand two hundred is only equal to about four shillings. Instead of a purse, therefore, he had to employ men, and it took six men to carry *cash* equal to the value of £10 English money. A new coinage has now been intro-

ONE OF THE GATEWAYS OF SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA

duced, and it is therefore not so difficult to travel with money enough for one's needs.

At one time the educated Korean despised his own language, and only studied Chinese ; but of late years he has begun to take a little interest in the ancient tongue of Korea. Korean is the only language in Eastern Asia which has an alphabet. But it has not been used in proclamations or other royal notices for hundreds of years. Now that Japanese influence is everywhere, we may expect to find the Japanese tongue used.

Moreover, now that the Korean will have the Japanese to teach him, he may be expected before long to have quite a new kind of river craft. The Korean junk is a very uncertain type of vessel. So untrustworthy do its captain and crew consider it that when at sea they keep as near to shore as they safely can, so that, should a storm come on, they may get into a harbour as soon as possible. The boat is built in a very rough way, without nails or iron, and it is not painted to prevent its rotting. Leaks are therefore not uncommon. Two tall and clumsy masts are fixed by wedges in the bottom of the boat, but great care has to be taken to keep them upright ; at any moment—for instance, at the first puff of wind—they may come crashing down on the unfortunate sailor's head. The sails are made of matting ; across them are fixed long bamboo sticks, and to each of these a cord is fastened. It is by working these cords, and thus moving the sails in different ways, that the movements of the vessel are controlled. But there is really very little management shown. The

Korean sailor, being afraid of a wind, prefers to run before a gentle breeze ; and when such is not blowing, he likes to lie in near shore, and he is not to be blamed for his caution, considering what an awkward vessel his junk is to manage.

## CHAPTER IV

### PALACES, BELLS, AND DOGS

When we visit London, one of the first things which we ask to be shown is the King's palace. If we were to visit the capital city of Korea—that is, the city of Seoul—we should be shown three palaces. One of them is the Northern Palace. Here, in 1895, the Queen of Korea was cruelly killed. With awestruck feelings, we creep up the stairs and follow the guide as he leads us to the room where the deed was done. It is a small room, and as we stand in it and look around, we think how quiet it is now, and how very different it must have been on that terrible day sixteen years ago. In the early morning, just as the sun was brightening the city, the murderers crept into the palace and did the black deed. The last words of the poor dying Queen were a request to be told whether her son was well ; then she died. The King was now in a terribly nervous state. To live in the palace any longer was to him impossible ; so away he went, at the invitation of the Russian Ambassador, to live in the house of that important official. Finally, a new palace had to be built for the Emperor's use.

There is another royal palace to be found near to the east gate of Seoul. This is really the oldest of all the Korean palaces. Why, we ask, did not the King live here, instead of spending money on building a new home for himself? His reason for refusing that home was this: Many years before, the King who then sat upon the throne of Korea was standing one day at one of the windows of the palace, when, as he watched, he saw a snake fall from a window opposite. He became greatly upset, and of course at once sent off for a magician to explain the strange sight. The magician was not long in deciding that the fall of the snake was a sign that it would be very dangerous for the King to live another day in the palace. So that very hour the King began to pack up. Every moment, as he ran about giving orders, however, he felt anxious lest the spirits which, as he believed, had ordered him to leave should fall upon him. But at last he got away and made his home in the Northern Palace, and never since that day has any King of Korea dared to enter the Eastern Palace. But the Kings of Korea are now no more, for the ruler of the country is to-day the Emperor of Japan.

When we go out into the streets and inquire what there is to be seen, we shall probably be told that the most wonderful sight in the city is the Great Bell. Though Seoul is one of the least important capital cities in the world, yet its bell is the third largest in existence. It hangs in the middle of the town in a bell-tower, and when it was tolled it made a heavy, booming sound. But it is now never rung. For hundreds of years this bell had a very important place

in the life of the people. At sunset the bell boomed out its warning to the men of the city, who had all to retire at once into their houses. Only then might the women venture into the streets. Centuries passed, and every night, as the bell called out its message of brief freedom, the women crept out of their secluded homes, attended by their servant-maids carrying lanterns. Friends would be visited or met in the streets, and the short time of freedom enjoyed to the full. No men now dared venture out unless they were officials, foreigners, blind men, or people carrying prescriptions for medicine. But, alas! all too soon came midnight, and the sound of the heavy bell booming once more through the darkened city streets. Home rushed the women, terrified lest they should be caught out of doors; and as the last notes of the bell died away out came the men again. The bell was used also to give the signal to the gatekeepers to shut the gates at sunset and to open them in the morning.

It is said that the body of a little girl is mixed with the metal from which the bell was made. The story runs that when the manufacturer was trying to "cast" it, he failed to get the metal to set. A magician was consulted, and he professed that a voice spoke from the bell requiring that an only child should be thrown into it. So ignorant were the people, and so much in the power of their superstitious belief, that they said that this terrible demand ought to be granted. And then, when no child could be found, the bell-maker's little daughter, fearing that if her father failed he would be killed, stepped forward, and gave herself to be thrown into the metal; whereupon it set at once, and

the people say that the girl's voice may still be heard in the sounding of the bell.

The walls of the city of Seoul are so far apart that they enclose many empty spaces, as well as the streets and buildings. Just outside these walls is "the Altar of the Spirits of the Land," and to this altar the Emperor used to go once every year in order to do sacrifice.

So careless are the Koreans even of the few beautiful buildings which they do possess that one of the sights of the capital—the Marble Pagoda—was once hidden away amidst narrow slums. But it has now been restored, and a large public garden surrounds it. Here, in their long white coats, the Korean gentlemen gather to talk business or politics, and the boys come to listen to the band which often plays here; for lately a German teacher has taught the people how to use brass instruments such as trumpets and trombones.

The streets of Seoul are for the most part rather dirty. Even the wide thoroughfares in which business is carried on, and where we may see booths full of articles for sale, are not as clean as they might be. But these are at least wide enough for the sun to fall across them. At a distance these main streets seem a strange mixture of East and West; for while we see the booths built on an old pattern and the men in their ancient white coats, we see also these same men running behind an electric car and jumping on, just as we might do on the Embankment in London.

But if the main streets are wide and not so bad as we might expect, the back streets are the very worst we could imagine. In the first place, down the middle runs a gutter full of dirty, slow-moving water, whose

scum never seems to be stirred. The water is not only black, but has a disagreeable smell, and if we were not intent on studying the city, we would probably be very glad to get out as fast as we got in. But we must see more. Over these streams are little bridges, and on the bridges sit sweet-sellers, who offer for sale the most horrid-looking sweets, which seem as if they had been painted! And probably they have. But the Korean boy who has a farthing to spend does not think about that. To him the nasty-looking stuff is the most delicious thing he can think of, and if he cannot buy, he will still be seen standing by the muddy stream gazing with longing eyes at the painted sweets.

"How filthy the water looks!" we exclaim. And yet it is in this water that the wife of the Korean gentleman washes his much-loved white coat. How anything could issue from such water cleaner than before would puzzle us a good deal. Yet the women succeed in washing the clothes as white and shining as snow in the sunshine. But, as we watch, a horribly mangy dog comes up and rubs against our knee. Soon another dog, equally miserable-looking, wanders up. Both look starved and dirty. Yet these dogs have a very important place in the work of the city. It is upon them that the Koreans depend to scavenge the streets. The streets are extremely dirty even as it is, but they would be far worse if there were no dogs to eat the scraps of meat, the dead creatures that lie about, and the food which has been thrown away because it is unfit to be eaten by man. As we watch the poor dogs trying to find something in the gutter, we hear a growl and a movement behind us, and through a hole

in the wall of a house near by another dog appears. We are then told that every house has a dog, and a little hole through which the animal may get into the street. These dogs search high and low for something to eat, and sometimes they find it, but it is not always a good thing for them; for the fattest dogs, if their owners are poor, are often killed and eaten instead of bullock meat. It is not supposed to be very respectable to eat dogs, but if one is hungry and cannot buy meat, even a dog may be delicious.

## CHAPTER V

### IN THE STREETS

And now let us take a peep at the people themselves as they walk about the streets. At a distance a main street in Seoul has been said by Mrs. Bishop to look like snow, so white are the men's coats, and so many are there who wear such garments. But white is not the only shade worn. Some wear floating robes of the palest green, others of blue, others of mauve and yellow, while on the heads of the men are their much-prized tall hats. Women go by in long green screens, from which sometimes they dare to look out at the people they pass. Now there passes the chair of a lady of rank, who must on no account show her face or even her eyes in daylight. Her chair is completely covered, and she is attended by a little girl-servant, who has to run to keep up with the men, and who wears a beautiful red skirt.

Suddenly, amid shouts and cries, a chair is carried swiftly by, and the people know from the commotion that the gentleman inside is some great official. This man's chair is not closely curtained as is a lady's chair, and Mrs. Bishop compares it to a large meat-safe. The oddest sight, however, is when an official is seen riding a pony. He has to have men to lead the pony, and men to hold him on the saddle. And the people, so far from thinking his figure ridiculous, suppose his helplessness to be a sign of his high rank, which it is, and therefore of his distinction, which it is not. The pony on which the grandee rides will probably appear well cared for, and will have fine trappings; but the ordinary hack-pony, such as we may see standing in rows in the streets, are often knock-kneed and dirty. The Korean has not learnt that he has any duty to the dumb creatures who help man to do his work.

When we have watched the official pass, we perhaps notice approaching a band of porters carrying great baskets of fruit or firewood, such as would break the back of weaker men. They show no sign of feeling any strain, and will even smile with these enormous loads on their backs.

But the strangest of all the people whom we will meet in our stroll is a man in a dark-coloured gown, a large dome-like hat, so big that it covers the whole of the upper part of his face, and a veil which is so arranged that even the lower part of his head cannot be seen. And he does not want to be seen by anyone. He wants to be left alone. Even if a friend approaches and speaks, the veiled and mysterious person will

A KOREAN GIRL IN WINTER DRESS

probably pass on without answering; and his friend will not be surprised, for he will recognize the meaning of the strange dress which hides the face. The man is a mourner, mourning for his father. For three years after that father's death he must mourn in this way. There are always mourners to be seen about Korea, and though they seem strange and even startling to a visitor, to a Korean they are not noticeable at all.

Yet, when we look in wonder on these signs of a past extending over centuries, we are not allowed to leave the city without many reminders that she has learnt the use of new inventions. Besides the electric trams of which we have written, we may see telegraph-wires, and even telephones, in use in the streets of Seoul. For while the people are quite ready to use these inventions, there are other people who are not only willing, but determined, that everything which will make easier the doing of business shall be used. These people are the foreign merchants, and particularly the Japanese. And so we see the cars pass within reach of the dirty, slimy ditches, and make their way beneath ancient archways on which men toiled who have been dead for hundreds of years, while near by a white-coated Korean is telephoning to a Japanese merchant, and an Englishman is writing out a message to be telegraphed by a Korean clerk to London or some other English city.

The Koreans dress in a way of their own. A man wears, first of all, his long white coat. It is very loose, and widens towards the bottom. These white coats are worn by all classes, and are made of cotton. The

washing of this garment is one of the most important duties of a Korean wife. It has to be partly taken to pieces when it is to be washed ; and when it has been cleaned it is fastened together again, not with stitches, but paste. But before the cleaning process is done, it must not only be washed, but beaten. The beating is really more important than the washing, for it is that which gives the garment the fine glossy appearance which is one of its great attractions. The stuff is rolled round pieces of wood, and then tapped with sticks until it glows like sheen. These coats have no pockets, so everyone carries a silk bag hanging from the wrist.

But while the white coat is worn by all Korean men, the gentlemen of the country do not content themselves with this garment alone. They wear also one, two, three, or even four transparent robes one over the other. These robes are of the most delicate tints, and their owners give a great deal of thought to their selection. Over these robes, particularly in winter-time, the Korean gentlemen will wear two or three overcoats. In the days when there was an Emperor and Court in Seoul, the official dress was blue. Of course, these fine garments are only worn by the rich men. The working people make their clothes of cotton, and a coolie has to content himself with only one coat. But if he can manage it, he will purchase for himself a padded coat or two to wear in winter. That is the custom of the Koreans of all classes, and as the days grow colder they seem to get fatter. What they really do is to pack on more and more clothes ; then, when spring comes round

again, they throw off first one coat and then another, until by summer-time they are wearing only jacket and trousers. If they cannot afford winter garments, they keep warm by holding their arms and hands beneath their coats.

The ladies of Korea wear the finest of gauze dresses, and never go out with their faces uncovered. Women do not wear hats, so they are spared the anxiety which their husbands feel about their head-gear. Working women have an advantage over their richer sisters, though they may not think it one; for they may go about the streets without being compelled to cover their faces. All women wear linen jackets, and generally, if she can afford it and the weather is not too warm, a Korean woman will wear several of these little coats; for she, like her husband, keeps herself warm, not by sitting beside a fire, but by putting on more coats. The Korean lady of high degree only shows her superior position by the more beautiful silks from which her garments are made, and by the size of her skirt, which, to be really fashionable, must be very long. On her feet are little boots or shoes such as one may see in Peking, but only if she can afford to have these sent to her. The common people, however, are shod in the Korean shoe of twisted grass. These grass shoes do not last very long. Perhaps some morning a man will go by in the street carrying a bundle of such shoes. "There is a shoemaker!" we may exclaim. But we would be wrong; the shoes the man is carrying are not for sale; they are for his own use. He is, in fact, setting out for a long journey, and knows that at the end of twenty miles his first

pair of shoes will be worn out; he therefore goes provided.

But the article of dress of which the Korean gentleman thinks most is his hat. He never goes out, if he can help it, without taking a special wrapping for the precious hat, in case rain should come. Every rank has its own particular hat, and a Korean knows at once the position of any man he meets by his head-gear, just as we are able to recognize a clergyman or a chauffeur by the hat on his head. Korean hats are large, and lead to many collisions when people meet. They are of many kinds, and each kind shows what kind of a man the wearer is—whether he is a priest or a man who has things to sell, whether he is married or single. If a married man is rich, he will often have a special hat made from the best materials which money can buy. A merchant who is able to find some specially good felt or horsehair knows that he has only to make hats from the material and place them in his shop-front to do a great trade. At one time he gave his attention, not only to the stuff used, but also to the size of the hat. The bigger the hat, the better pleased was his customer. "Yes, that is a very good hat," a customer would say, "but it is not big enough"—by which he would probably mean that it was not quite as big as an opened-out umbrella. Then the hat-maker would show him something so large that when once he got his head in, his face seemed out of sight, and the customer would be satisfied. The Korean's fondness for big hats is not what it was, and he contents himself now with spending his money, not on big, but fine hats.

## In the Streets

It may seem very strange to us that a man's trade can be told by his hat. Let us remember that the trades of people in this country can be known by their hats just in the same way. All our sailors and shipping people wear a special kind of hat. Our policemen wear blue helmets, our firemen brass ones. University men wear a curious hat called a mortar-board. So, perhaps, when the Korean reads a book about us, called not—to mention a book that tells us a great deal about Korea—the "Koreans at Home," but the "British at Home," he will say, What curious people these British are, and how odd that they should know that a man is a driver of a motor-car, or a coachman, or a scavenger, merely by looking at his hat!

## CHAPTER VI

### BOYS AND GIRLS IN KOREA

The small boy or girl in Korea has a jolly enough life. They have many ways of amusing themselves. A baby is often given the outer covering of a skate, a kind of fish, with a few pebbles inside. When it is shaken it makes a rattle, and it gives great delight to the baby who hears it. The children play such well-known games as backgammon, dominoes, and the Korean chess. All these games are different from ours of the same names, yet they are sufficiently like to enable us to recognize them. The Korean boys are fond of pets, and have many. The chief of these is the monkey. Monkeys are provided with fine jackets,

and are greatly loved by their little owners, who pet them and show them with great delight. Puppies also make favourite pets.

A traveller in Korea describes a toy which reminds us of our own Jack-in-the-box. It is known as "Jumping Jack." When a string is pulled, Jack puts out his tongue and puts a trumpet to his mouth. There are many other toys which the Korean boy loves, but he is particularly fond of rattles, flags, and drums, and these he can buy from the many pedlars who go about selling them.

The children are fond of a game in which a ring is hidden in the sand and sticks are thrown by various players, the one whose stick finds the ring winning Another game is a kind of follow-my-leader, in which all the players do whatever is done by the one who walks or runs in front. Like English children, the little Koreans think it great fun to play at grown-ups. But they do it all very solemnly, and bow to one another just as their parents would do.

The children who live on the coast play on the shore. Here they learn to catch crabs and lobsters, while the boys quickly become great fishermen. Fish is eaten to a very large extent in every part of the Far East, so a boy who can fish can be a real help to his family.

There are several festivals which give the greatest pleasure to the children of Korea. One of these is called "Treading the Bridges." On the day of this festival any who wish may go up and down on the bridges, which at other times may be kept closed. All kinds of fun can be got on this day by boys and girls on the look-out for it, while sweets are on sale every-

where, and are eagerly bought. On the seventh day of the seventh month another festival takes place. This is the meeting of Star Lovers, when the stars called Capricornus and Alpha Lyra meet together in the Milky Way. Special sweets are made for this occasion. Imagine what fun it must be to be out of doors at night looking up at the stars and the wonderful sights of the sky, and with no one to say, "Go to bed."

Mothers do not have much authority over the boys in Korea, and this the boy soon learns. And so, while he will speak of his father in a terrified way, when he wants to praise his mother he will use words which do not suggest that she has any authority. She may be his "kind mother," but she is never his "terrible" or "commanding mother." To his father he must always show the greatest respect. If his father is in any kind of trouble, the boy must be near. Stories are told of how, when their parents were ill, Korean children have cut themselves to provide blood to be used by the ignorant doctors, who thought that with blood they could bring about a cure. If a father is banished, his son must go and live near him. Even if he merely meets his father in the street, he must bow low to him.

Korean babies have no cradles. They are put to sleep in a way that would seem strange to us. Instead of rocking a child, a Korean mother taps it gently on its stomach.

The Koreans love their children, and though they think more of boys than of girls, they are never cruel to little girl babies, as the Chinese often are, nor do they ever try to get rid of them by leaving them alone

to die. Girls in Korea, however, do not have a very exciting life. They are not allowed to play about after the age of seven. At that age they must retire into the women's quarters of their father's house. Here for ten years they live a very dull life without even playing games, and without being able to run about. They are never allowed to see a boy except their brothers, and they are so much hidden from view that a Western lady once remarked that, in travelling in Korea, she never once saw a girl of more than six years of age. Not until it is time for her to marry does the little girl see anybody but those of her own home. Her marriage, however, comes in due time, for no girl in Korea is supposed to remain unmarried unless she is to become a Buddhist nun. However jolly a time she may have had with her little brother, when her seventh birthday comes she can no more go down with him to the ditch in the street where the candy-man sells his wares. Her life out of doors is over.

But the Korean boy has a splendid time. When he is born, so greatly honoured does his mother feel at being his parent that she changes her name, and becomes "the mother of so-and-so," mentioning the name of the baby boy. There are always tremendous doings at a son's birth, for the father is now assured that there will be somebody to worship him after he is dead. So anxious is a Korean father on this point that if he has no son he will adopt one, so that he may make quite certain that when he comes to die, and the third of the three souls which he believes himself to possess duly settles in the ancestral tablet, the adopted

son will stand before it periodically and worship. There is only one thought which clouds the happiness of a father at the birth of his son, and that is the fear lest he will get smallpox. Nearly all children in Korea catch this dreadful disease, and many die from it. How anxiously a father watches his boy as he sees him sicken and fall ill! He loves his boy as other fathers do theirs. But he thinks, too, about the ancestral tablet. "Suppose the boy should die," cries the father in his heart; "who will worship my spirit?" Only when his son has passed safely through his illness does his father dare to be happy again. When a Korean boy is very little, we might easily mistake him for a girl, for he has a plait down his back such as a girl wears. But this does not last long. The plait is only seen in the first few years of his life; for while he is still young, sometimes when he is only twelve, sometimes when he is sixteen, a great event takes place. Arrangements are begun by his father for marrying him, and before marriage he must give up his boyish way of doing his hair, and begin to wear a top-knot.

Now, the day on which the Korean boy begins to sport his top-knot is a day of tremendous importance to him, and more so than the coming of age of an English boy; for when a boy comes of age in England he continues to talk and act very much as he did when he was twenty. Not so the Korean boy. From the day that he wears his top-knot he plays no more boyish games. Instead, he walks about in a very dignified way, and carries a fan in his hand. He refuses to mix with his old playfellows, and talks and walks only with the "men." Yet often enough he is only twelve, and

perhaps one of those who have not yet got their top-knot may be fourteen or fifteen.

And the older boys are not hurt or surprised, for they know that he is only obeying one of the customs of his country. Perhaps sometimes they are a little bit sorry for him, and think how much jollier it is to be free to enjoy themselves as they like. On the other hand, they may think how fine it must be to be a "man," and long for the day when they shall be given a top-knot, and shall be able to walk chin up and skirts swinging, with the other "men" who have "taken the hat."

When a boy is to be given his top-knot there is a great ceremony held; but first of all it is necessary to discover a fortunate day for holding it. So the boy's father sends for the astrologer, and bids him discover a suitable date. These astrologers are people of great consequence, who profess to be very wise. They think their advice important and worthy of high payment, just as our lawyers and doctors do. Poor families cannot afford to call in these great men, and so go without. Perhaps a poor father will ask the advice of a blind beggar. But he will not care to settle the day on his own responsibility, unless his eyes have been opened to the uselessness of the magicians.

When the day has been fixed, invitations are sent out to relations. When all are assembled, the boy who wishes to become a man enters the room, bowing to everyone very politely, and his girl-like plait is unfastened. A patch is shaved on his head, and the long whisp of hair hanging down behind is lifted so that it will lie over the shaven space. A skull-cap is placed over this to keep it down, and the former boy becomes a man

How excited everyone is! The old men remember the day when they, too, ceased to be boys, and began to wear the hat. The grandfather is particularly interested, and expects the boy, when the ceremony is over, to come at once and bow before him. If this were not done, the old gentleman would probably have a word to say to his son or daughter-in-law, for he would consider that his grandson had not been properly brought up. In Korea, as in China and Japan, boys are taught to regard the old people as sacred. The older a man gets, the more deserving he is of honour, for no one has such experience as he. Such is the teaching of the Koreans. When the boy has satisfied his grandfather by his bow, he bows to the other gentlemen present, and when all this is over he worships his ancestors. But the great event of the day to most boys is yet to come. Only that morning, perhaps, he was playing with other boys, and when a "man" went by he looked after him with respect and admiration, and even awe. Now, however, he is himself a "man," and may walk about with a top-knot and a fine white coat. True, he must not romp and do things which might seem undignified. He must not stand about the ditches buying the coloured sweets such as little boys like. He must now be very careful in all he does, so that he may earn the respect of the rest of the "men." How solemnly he sets out now to call upon them! Yesterday they would not look at him. They thought him a baby. Now they are glad to see him, and bow to him with the greatest respect. They do not tease him, for to become a "man" is to them so solemn an affair that the only

way to treat the event is to be as solemn as possible. As for the grandfather sitting at home, he will probably go on talking about the event for the rest of the day, shaking his head wisely, and forecasting all kinds of wonderful things for the boy.

The boy knows that the event through which he has passed is only the beginning of his new life. Another very important event lies before him, and must now come quickly; for as soon as a boy is made a "man," he must also become a married man. Not that he has anything to say in the selection of his bride. His father tells him whom he is to marry, and he must obey, for in Korea the parent has complete authority in all these matters. Whatever would the old grandfather say, who made *his* son marry the girl *he* chose, if that son allowed the boy who that day became a man to select his bride? The old custom must be kept up, and so the father chooses his son's wife.

## CHAPTER VII

### OFF TO SCHOOL

The schools of the Koreans are likely to improve now that they have ceased to manage them themselves, and are coming under the sway of Japanese methods; for Japan copies Europe.

Korean schools were hopelessly behind the times, for the teachers thought that the old Chinese classics stood for the very highest education a boy could receive, and taught them accordingly. The native

Korean language was so much despised that only the very poor learnt to read it. But though the school teaching was of an out-of-date kind, parents were most anxious for their sons to be taught the Chinese learning. Only those who were Chinese scholars could expect to do well in the examination for official posts; and so, if there was no school near by, a number of parents would club together and get a teacher for their boys. The boys, when at work in school, seem rather odd to us. They sit with their Chinese books before them, shouting—in the Chinese school way—all the time at the pitch of their voices. The schoolmaster, brandishing a rod, sits eyeing the boys, and sometimes striking them. He is generally a man ignorant of much else than the out-of-date Chinese books, from which the boys learn.

That is a description of the old kind of Korean school. But the Koreans, even before the Japanese came, had begun to think that they were somewhat behind the times, and so the Government opened several schools of a new kind. In these, boys could learn their own language, once thought unfashionable. In another they could learn English, the foreign language most commonly spoken in the East.

How did the old Government of Korea first come to see that the schools in which the Chinese classics were taught were out of date? They made this discovery by watching the mission schools. All the best schools in Korea, just as all the best schools in China, have been founded by missionaries. The most powerful of all Korean schools is called the Pai Chai College, which means the "hall for rearing useful men." This

title was given to it by the Emperor of Korea himself, more than thirty years ago, on seeing the wonderful success of the teaching given. This college set itself to teach its pupils the things that English and American boys were learning. And so the boys and young men of the Pai Chai quickly showed themselves superior to those of the old schools. The Government and the Emperor watched them, and it was not long before they decided that the missionary college was giving Korea her best citizens. They therefore paid for two hundred more pupils to be taken into the college.

School prizes are of a kind that would surprise us. When a pupil does well, the examiner gives him a "red mark." When he passes an examination with honour, he is given all of the "four friends of the study table"—that is, pens, ink, paper, and inkstand; or, if not a pen, brushes. But the oddest prize is, nevertheless, one which would certainly give pleasure to a Korean boy, for it is nothing less or more than a good dinner. As we have said, the Koreans are tremendous eaters—perhaps the greatest eaters on earth.

## CHAPTER VIII

### GIRLS AND WOMEN

Everything which has to do with the position of woman in Korea is settled according to her position. If she is of the highest station, she must not show herself at all. If, however, she is of quite humble birth, she has much more liberty. Again, if she wishes to

open a business, she must be careful not to engage in any of the trades forbidden to her particular class. If she is of the highest class, she may cultivate the silk-worm, she may keep bees, she may weave straw shoes, and, greatest honour of all, she may teach and practise medicine. But she must on no account sell fruit or vegetables, or manufacture lace or cloth. If she is a woman less high in position—if, say, she belongs to what, in England, we should call the middle class—she may make boots and shoes, knit fishing-nets, and do a number of other things not permitted to those in the rank above hers. But she must not teach or practise medicine. The woman of the lowest class has to do almost everything which her husband wishes done.

The women of Korea are very hard workers. Though they are not supposed to be seen in the streets, they are expected to get through a great deal of work; and as their toil begins when they are young, and continues through the greater part of their lives, they soon lose their freshness and look like old women. They will often work late in order to clean the precious long white coat without which no married man in Korea will be seen out of doors. Even by the foulest of the ditches may be seen women washing the white coats of their husbands. On flat stones they sit, dipping the garments into the muddy water, and then, rolling them tightly into bundles, they beat them with sticks to make them shine. To make them white, they are put to lie beneath the rays of a brilliant sun, and are glazed with rice-starch. When the work is over, the garment shines brilliantly. But the duty of cleaning the husband's shirt is only one of many which the

Korean wife must perform. She is not only washerwoman to the whole family, but tailor. All her husband's clothes, all her children's, all her own, are made by herself; while she has also to do the cooking and even the cleaning of the rice, which is the chief food of the people. And if she idles for a second, her mother-in-law attacks her with bitter words, and drives her on. This life begins for her when she is still in her teens, and even when quite a little girl she may be doing the work of a grown-up woman.

When the wife has done all this work, she may have to set off to market, carrying heavy loads of grain or eggs. Then she must draw water; while, if she lives in the country districts, she must spend a good part of the day in toiling in the fields. In the evening, when other people think of resting, she must make the cloth from which to-morrow, perhaps, she hopes to find time to make a garment for her husband or her eldest son.

With so much work to do, the Korean wife and mother has very little time to see friends and pay visits, unless she is a lady of high station, with plenty of servants.

In the days when the great bell rang to give the signal for all the men to retire, the Korean woman, if she were not too tired after the work of the day—the ceaseless cooking, sewing, tailoring, and the unending washing beside the dirty ditch—might creep forth and enjoy an hour's chat with her friends in the street. But the great bell is now no more rung to send the men indoors, and so the women's hour is not permitted, and only the poorest are now supposed to appear uncovered in the streets.

KOREAN WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES IN A RIVER.

The pleasures of shopping, so much enjoyed by the ladies of Europe, are more or less out of reach of Korean women, as they must not be seen about; so the shopkeeper sends a selection of goods to the house. This is placed outside, near the door, and the shopkeeper then withdraws. A moment later the lady appears, and looks carefully over the articles offered for sale. Perhaps she wants a rice-bowl, or a new hand-mirror, or a vase, or possibly she finds that a new brass dinner service is required, and so she examines the various articles in the basket, and when, at last, she has chosen what she requires, she creeps away. Only then does the shopkeeper return to note what has been bought, and to take away the rest.

Ladies were supposed to be so secluded that not even a policeman could arrest a man if he was hiding in his wife's rooms. This was one reason why the Korean lady did not mind being locked up. But the Japanese, who now rule Korea, have other laws. They believe that if a man does something unlawful, he must be punished, wherever he is, and so the ladies of Korea will perhaps not find that their husbands are as safe as in the days when Korea had an Emperor of her own. But there was another reason why Korean ladies thought that to be locked up was rather jolly. "Men do not leave their gold and jewels about," they argued to themselves, "because they are too precious. They take care to lock them up. It is the same with us. They lock us up, not because they do not value us, but because they value us so much." And while it may seem that these ladies do not have a great deal of influence, yet, as a matter of fact, they decide many

things in their homes. A woman, as she gets older, has much to say about her children's marriages. And she has very good reason for wanting to see her son married; for whosoever he marries must come and live in his mother's home. The mother will then have someone to help her in the work of the house; and when her daughter-in-law arrives, her own authority will at once increase. To the poor little daughter-in-law, indeed, the bridegroom's mother is a terrible tyrant, who orders the girl-wife about, and keeps her up late to make clothes for the household.

It is not to be wondered at that Korean girls, who have to begin their work so early, do not have much time to learn anything. If they could cook, and sew, and clean the white coat, they would do very well —so their fathers said. They did not study Chinese, though a few could read the Korean language; but as the study of that was supposed to be left to the coolies, and was despised by all educated Koreans, the minds of the women of Korea were not held in much respect by their husbands.

The Korean woman does not expect to be loved and respected, as English wives and mothers expect. She does not know, indeed, that such happiness exists. She supposes that all wives have to do the hard work, and that none receive greater kindness than that which is shown where they are left to themselves. No Korean husband thinks of showing affection. To do so would be considered so strange that if the news got abroad the man would be laughed at.

As showing how unimportant a woman is considered

in Korea, we have only to say that, except when she is a little girl, she has no name. If one wishes to speak of her, one speaks of the wife of so-and-so, or the mother of so-and-so. When a baby, she may have been given some pretty name, such as that of a flower ; but this is dropped when she is married, just as the pet name given to an English baby is often dropped when she grows up. When a Korean husband wishes to call his wife, therefore, he does not mention a name, but uses two words which in English mean "Come here." But though the woman has no name, she nevertheless has certain rights which everybody recognizes. Her husband is supposed to speak to her respectfully. Then, when the Emperor was ruling and lived in the Palace, though no man could ride by the Palace gates in a chair, but must get out and walk, women had the right of remaining in their chairs and of being carried past.

The Koreans are great eaters, but the women are not supposed to have anything until the men have finished. Then they may have whatever is left. They have no amusements. When they do happen to meet, they discuss their children or servants, but only women of the higher ranks have time for much gossip. Tea-drinking, such as English and Chinese ladies love, is not a practice of the ladies of Korea.

As we walk through the city of Seoul in the evening, travellers tell us that the ear will be saluted with a strange noise. "Tap—tap—tap," goes the sound, without a pause. "Tap—tap—tap," still it falls on our ear. "Tap—tap—tap, tap—tap—tap." Then,

as we listen, we begin to realize its meaning. Down by the slimy ditches beneath the shadow of the mud-built house, the women of the city are cleaning the white coats of their husbands.

## CHAPTER IX

### HOUSES AND HOMES

The Korean house is small and uninviting. The building of it is done in this way : First of all, a suitable day is selected by the astrologer, and at the time fixed by him the work is begun. A hollow foundation is dug for a purpose which we shall explain. Four corner posts are then planted firmly in the ground. The top of each of these posts has a groove cut in it. Into these grooves or notches four beams are placed, the beams being horizontal—that is, each lies evenly between two of the four posts. Rafters are then added, and these rafters are said to be not unlike those often found in old English farmhouses, where they are the subject of much admiration. The rafters are covered by a roof, and the spaces between the four posts are filled in with stones. The house is then finished, except for doors and windows. Windows are made of the oiled paper which, as we have said, is one of the chief manufactures of the country. It has one advantage over our glass : it cannot be broken if a boy were to throw a stone at it ; for the paper is often so strong that people can be lifted on it. Paper is used also to divide the house into rooms.

We shall now see the reason for the hollow foundation. It is by means of this that the house is heated. In it the hollow brushwood is burnt, and the smoke is passed under the floor from one side to the other, where there is a chimney. The flue through which the smoke passes is made by means of flat stones placed standing upwards side by side. This method of heating is much the cheapest. A quantity of dried leaves which is small enough for a little boy to carry will, it is said, keep two rooms very hot for twelve hours. Not that the boys are supposed to carry the fuel. This is generally borne by the bulls, who come into the city in long lines with burdens of enormous size.

When a foreigner takes a Korean house, he often prefers to use a stove instead of the flue. But he is quickly made to repent, for before long he will find that the unused chimney is much used by cats, who visit the house at all kinds of inconvenient times. When one is calling, one may be startled by a " mew " beneath one's feet : a cat is in the unused flue. The walls of the Korean houses, if in the country, are often built, not of stone, but of mud. But whether in town or village, no houses have more than one storey. It is contrary to etiquette for rooms to be built one above another. The Korean believes that rooms should all be on the same level, one leading out of the other. When the house is built, it is surrounded by a high bamboo fence, while beside the gate giving admission to the garden are placed gate-houses.

The men's quarter is marked off from the women's with great exactness. One sign that a room is in the

women's quarter is the sight in it of large earthenware jars big enough to hold a grown-up person. The man's room is very slightly furnished. We notice the hard wooden pillows on which, hard as they seem, he sleeps quite comfortably, and the green or red hat-boxes hanging from the ceiling. In these are his precious hats, about which he is always very anxious.

Of late years the Koreans have begun to decorate their homes with cheap and nasty articles bought from English and French traders. Brussels carpets, with vulgar patterns, are on the floor, and cheap French clocks hang from the walls. Mirrors very large and gaudy, and covered with gilding, meet the eye at every turn, while cheap velvet chairs await one's sitting down. The Korean thinks that, by introducing these things which we feel to be vulgar (though we send them to him), he is making his home beautiful. If he imitated us in the building of his house or in the making of his streets, he would be doing a good thing, for his house is poorly built, and his streets are narrow and filthy. But when a man of the East takes to copying European ways, it quite often happens that he is first of all attracted, not by the best things which Europe can show him, but the most showy things. When he has become better educated, he will learn the difference between what is beautiful and what is merely showy and vulgar, and then he will not buy the cheap clocks and carpets. He will take from Europe her ways of teaching, her science—above all, the religion which her missionaries are bringing.

## CHAPTER X

### KOREAN WEDDINGS

Marriage is an important event in the life of anyone, but to a Korean, even though he has no place in making the arrangements, and though he must marry whomsoever his father selects, marriage is the greatest of all events. For only when he is about to be married is he allowed to wear the hat and begin to take the dignity of the top-knot; only then does he become a man. No unmarried person in Korea is supposed to be grown up, and if a man is too poor to marry, he is considered a child as long as he lives. An unmarried man of seventy must give way to a married boy of twelve. On the other hand, in the old days the law treated the unmarried old man with great kindness, and when he did a bad deed he was excused, just as a little boy might be. Still, when we see how unimportant an unmarried boy is, we can understand how anxious a father is to see his boy married. When a parent wishes to find a wife for his son, he casts his eye round to see which family has an unmarried daughter of a suitable age. But, just as is the case in China, two persons of the same family name must not marry; and as there are only one hundred and fifty family names, the father's task in finding a girl suitable, yet without the name born by himself, is not so easy as it might appear. When the girl has been found, the consent of her father must be obtained. Of course she herself is not asked, any more than is the boy. If

her father is agreeable, then the astrologer is sent for, for without his help very little is done in the Korean home. He has to look into the future, and see whether a marriage between the boy and girl would turn out happily. If he says "No," then the arrangements come to an end at once. If, on the other hand, the word of the astrologer is favourable, he is called on to fix the marriage-day. The bridegroom at once goes through the ceremony of taking the top-knot, by means of which he enters on man's estate.

The bride also has to have her hair arranged in a special manner. It must be fixed in loose knots fastened with silver pins. The bride's father does not get any gift from the family of the bridegroom, nor does the bride receive a dowry from her parent. She is, however, given a splendid trousseau, which is often so large that it requires several great brass trunks to carry all the articles.

On the day before the wedding the bridegroom's father sends a piece of paper or contract to the father of the bride. The latter takes it solemnly, and then sends two pieces of silk as presents for his future daughter-in-law. The same night the bride's father sacrifices before the altar of his ancestors, and informs their souls, which are supposed to be hiding in the tablet, that his daughter and theirs will on the morrow marry so-and-so.

On the wedding-day itself, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the bridegroom, having put on his finest garments, rides forth, two men before him carrying, the one a white umbrella, and the other a goose. The goose in China, as well as Korea, represents faith-

A KOREAN BOY BRIDEGROOM WITH HIS QUAINT HAT.

fulness. Behind follow servants carrying lanterns, which, however, are unlighted ; and, last of all, comes a married brother of the bridegroom. If none of his brothers happen to be married, his father takes this position, for it is necessary that only a married man shall do so.

When the bride's house is reached, the bridegroom, taking the goose from his attendant, walks solemnly to the veranda, and puts the bird upon a table waiting for it.

At the same moment two women, specially hired to do the duty, lead the bride to the veranda. She is put to stand opposite the man. This is probably the first time that the bride sees the bridegroom. He does not see her even now, for she is still veiled. When all is ready, they bow to one another solemnly several times. Having done this, they are held to be married. The bowing is really the only actual marriage ceremony. The bride bows four times to the man's father, and twice to the man himself, while on his part he bows four times to her. A document is then signed by both sides ; this is to show that the marriage has taken place. If she cannot write her name (and it is quite possible she cannot, for Korean women do not get much education), she does not make a cross as people in England do who cannot write. She extends her left hand upon the paper, and then with the right hand she traces the outline of the other.

Her veil is then removed, and now, for the first time, the bridegroom sees his wife. What he sees would not perhaps seem to us a very attractive face, for it is covered with powder and dabs of red paint, while her eyebrows are glued together.

When the ceremony is ended, a fine dinner is set before the husband. Unlike an English bride, the Korean girl on her wedding-day quickly withdraws. The man is the central figure. His friends crowd around him, and try to make him feel that he has left all the amusements of boyhood behind. Nobody talks about the wife, for she is only of the smallest importance; and why should the man think about a person whom he had not seen until that day? He knows he had to marry somebody, and that that somebody must be the person his father found for him. He has done all that was required of him, and he is now a married man, with a married man's rights and respect. So why should he think about the girl? He sees no reason, and so, when he has talked long enough to his friends, he goes off home again. He does not, before going, ask to see his wife, and he certainly does not take her with him. She must come alone when she does come. In the evening the bride sets off in order to call upon her parents-in-law. We can imagine that even a Korean girl, accustomed to being shut up and ordered about, and not allowed to have any pleasures or interests, will be a little bit curious to see her husband's home for the first time, for to this house she will soon have to come for life. She enters and bows to her father-in-law, but she must on no account speak to him; then away she goes to her mother's house. Only when three days have passed does she return. This time she is merely bundled into a chair, and, without any ceremonies or decorations, she is borne off to the bridegroom's house, and left there.

And all this time she has been as silent as if she had lost the use of her tongue. If a bride were to open her mouth, she would expose herself to the contempt of everyone. As in China, a bride's power to keep silent is considered one of the most important points in her character. A husband who can say he has an absolutely silent wife is considered a very happy man indeed. To prove that his wife is thus silent and well trained, he will test her in all the ways he can think of. He will say things about her—things that are unkind. For instance, he may say that she looks as if she is lazy and accustomed to do no work. If she is off her guard, she may deny it. Then her husband will not be pleased, but annoyed; for not only does he know that she has proved herself unable to keep the rule of Korean brides, he knows also that his friends, and even his servants, are always listening in the hope that the poor girl may be caught speaking. Korean husbands nevertheless test their wives as hard as they can, and as they have no code which teaches them that only cowards tell lies, they will even lie to the little brides. One man told his wife that he had seen the astrologer, who had told him that the wife he had just married was born dumb. All the other things he had said she had borne patiently, but the girl could not endure that the man should think her really dumb, and so she cried out against his saying so. And then the servants ran off to spread the news, and the friends of the bridegroom surrounded him, laughing at him, and telling him that *he* at least had not got a silent wife. As for the poor child herself, we may be sure that she was made very

unhappy by her husband's reproaches. This stupid and really cruel custom still exists, save where the people have accepted a religion which teaches them to be kind even to their wives.

## CHAPTER XI

### ILLNESS AND DOCTORS, AND DEATH

When a man is ill in Korea, a native doctor comes and gives him such strange medicines as tiger's blood, deer's horns crushed to powder, and other equally useless remedies. These, of course, do him no good, and if he is really ill and unable to shake off his sickness without the help of physic, he slowly becomes worse. His family now send away the doctor, and call the *mutang*, or sorcerer. The *mutang* arrives with a great air of importance, and goes through a number of actions, which are supposed to drive away the evil spirits said to be in the man. If, in spite of all these strange rites, the man still grows worse, he is given up, and his death is awaited. He is carried down to the door of the house, and laid on the floor ; then the door is opened. This is done that the soul of the man may pass out. Just before he dies someone must be near to call upon the spirits, asking them to receive him. If there is no one to do this for him, the Koreans believe that the soul of the man would have a very unhappy time wandering about the air, lonely and friendless. If, on the other hand, the spirits are called upon, the departing soul is at once received into their company.

If the body is that of a rich man, it is not buried at once, but is first washed, and then placed in a coffin, which, in its turn, is laid in a specially prepared room. To this room come mourners, each dressed in a frock of coarse grey cotton bound with linen rags. These mourners are hired, and come to the funeral chamber every day for weeks. They bow down before the coffin, groaning and making various sounds to suggest great misery. So much of a business is mourning in Korea that in the days of the Emperor the Government issued a guide telling the people when to mourn, and suggesting various ways of showing grief at the death of a parent.

A Korean funeral generally takes place at night, though if the dead man is only a coolie he may be buried in the daytime. The procession at the funeral of a Korean gentleman is very long and imposing. Lanterns are carried, and if the darkness has set in these are lighted. The effect is then very strange and impressive; at a distance the procession looks like a burning snake. If we watch as well as listen, we soon hear a lively tune played by a band of gaily dressed musicians; or, if the relations cannot afford a band, they will have a bellman. While the band plays its lively airs, others in the crowd sing a jolly song. You would not say that so far anyone seemed sad. Following the musicians comes the hearse, with its domed roof and garlands of artificial flowers, and carried by eight men. The coffin is painted brilliant colours, and has a cross or other design worked on it. On the roof a familiar object is seen. It is the beloved white coat of the dead man—the coat the washing of which

gave his womenkind so much hard work beside the dirty ditches. At the sides of the hearse are flagstaffs, while on top is a model of the phœnix, the bird which rose from its ashes. The bearers are dressed in peaked yellow hats covered by garlands of blue and pink flowers.

After the hearse comes the chief mourner, the man's eldest son, who carries a wand, and is dressed in sackcloth and an enormous hat. It is so big that it completely shades his face ; but its protection against the gaze of the people is not enough, and so from its sides hang down a screen or veil made of sackcloth. He is surrounded by men gaily dressed and laughing, some walking backwards, and all trying to engage his attention. They are supposed to cheer him up. They tell him funny stories, crack jokes, and even make faces at him in the hope of amusing him.

Although gentlemen have the most splendid funerals, even the poor often give their dead folk quite a grand burial ; for in Korea, as in England for that matter, by paying a small sum weekly, it is possible to make certain of a grand funeral when the day comes for one.

A son must mourn for his father for three years. In the days of the Emperor he was not allowed to go near the Court for the whole of that time.

Burials take place on the hills. The people believe that graves should always be on slopes swept by the wind. All the most beautiful hillsides are accordingly given up to be burial-grounds. The exact spot for each burial must be selected by one of the soothsayers. When a man has been buried, his spirit is supposed to own the land around. When a Korean Emperor was

buried, the hill on which the grave stood had henceforth to be left in solitude. No one could build on it or use it for any purpose. It was a grave. The Koreans, indeed, think far more of the comfort of the dead than of themselves when living. Not only do they use the hills for graves, but they try always to give the dead person the pleasantest part of the hill. For instance, if the hill has a good southern aspect, such as, in England, we should think specially inviting if we wished to build a house, the Koreans say that that spot must be the home of the dead; and so it becomes.

## CHAPTER XII

### RELIGION IN KOREA

The religion of the Koreans was at one time little more than fear of the thousands of spirits which they believed to be in sea and air. This belief, though still held, does not have the same terrifying effect upon the educated Korean as it did. But women of the upper classes, and both the men and women of the coolie class, live in terror of displeasing one of these spirits, and earning its hatred and vengeance. These spirits are supposed to belong to the people who, when on earth, were allowed to die neglected or alone. To please them, shrines to their memory are placed everywhere, particularly at street corners and at cross roads. By this means the people hope to escape the anger of these once ill-used spirits. When it is necessary to speak to one of them a sorceress has to be

employed. But, in spite of her important duty, she is nevertheless looked down upon, and is not allowed admission to a city.

The Koreans are very superstitious in their actions. At certain times in the year they buy little shoes specially made for the purpose, and then throw them away. In this way a man will hope to get rid of the thought of an evil deed. He thinks that whatever blame is his due will pass from himself to whoever is unfortunate enough to find and wear the shoes. As, however, the shoes are very small and of a well-known pattern, it is not likely that a native Korean would see them without understanding that on them was the guilt of another. He would then leave them severely alone.

At one time the tiger was considered to be something more than an animal. Its terrible ferocity struck terror into the hearts of the Koreans, never a very strong or courageous people; and so they worshipped it as though it were a spirit with strange powers. As they heard its stealthy tread, and its terrible cry in the jungle or coming from behind the trees near a village, they crept into their houses with their limbs a-tremble.

Korea is the nation which, more than any other in the East, is likely to make Christianity its only religion; for during the past few years the Gospel of Jesus Christ has made tremendous progress—so much so that before long it is expected that there will be a million Christians in Korea. Not that Christianity has only lately entered the country: the first Christians arrived in 1592, but the country was not influenced by them. In the year 1777, however, there was gathered on a

high mountain in Korea a company of her wisest scholars—the greatest men of the day. They had assembled in order to try to discover the meaning of life, and to state what were life's highest duties. In order to assist them in their thinking and discussions, they had taken up the mountain with them the writings of all the great teachers of China, for in those days they looked to China as to the centre of the thought of the world.

Now, it happened that among the books which had been sent to these learned men from Peking, the Chinese capital city, were some books on Christianity. These books had been brought to Peking by an Ambassador from Europe. When the wise men read the books which told of the sayings and doings of Jesus Christ, they were greatly impressed. All through the winter they continued in their mountain pagoda. The snows fell and covered their roof. It blotted out the hillside, and divided them from their friends in the valley below. They had none to disturb them. They had only to sit and think. And when the spring came, and the wise men descended from the hill, they did so believing in Christianity. That religion, they said, was the best of any of which they could read.

But, having thus decided, they wished to be taught further; and so they sent a message to the Christian priests in China, asking that one of the priests should come to Korea to explain Christianity.

The days, weeks, months, and years went by, yet no priest came; for the Korean frontier was then so carefully guarded that no one could pass it. Thus, twenty years had passed ere the first priest arrived;

but, once at work, the Christian priests made many converts. Persecution followed. In 1800 two royal Princesses were sentenced to death for accepting Christianity, or, as the Koreans call it, the "Faith of the Master of Heaven." They only escaped death because of their rank.

In 1832 a well-known priest named Bruguiere, who was a missionary in Siam, left that country, and set out for Korea. He landed at Macao, wandered through China and Tartary, and finally reached a point to the southward. Yet southward still lay the land of his hopes. He pressed on, sick and weary, and at last came to the frontier. But his work was already done. Over the frontier the courageous man never got. His service to Korea was simply this : that he died in trying to reach her. Other missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, followed. For a time all went well, in spite of edicts by the Government ; then there followed a check to the spread of the Christian faith. It was supposed that it was losing ground. The number of Christians seemed to be less, the number of believers in the old Chinese faith more.

Suddenly a great change took place. The Presbyterian missionaries found that in their mission there was all at once great progress. The people were interested in Christianity ; they soon wanted nothing else. Wherever the missionaries went they found the same thing, and before long they found that they had only to preach to be listened to gladly. Still Christianity spread, and it is spreading to-day.

Not the religion of the Japanese, but of Jesus Christ, will be the religion of Korea.

WISTARIA IN BLOOM IN A GARDEN IN RIGOTO

# JAPAN

## CHAPTER I

### JAPAN : BEGINNINGS

Over a rough and snow-covered road tramped a man barefoot and alone. He seemed to have only one desire —to get on ; and even when the way was steepest and roughest he did not pause. Onwards he still pressed, his face towards the North, his eyes glowing with one thought.

The days went by, and still this man tramped northwards. The people in the scattered villages came out to look at him in wonder, for he was, they saw plainly, different from themselves. Their skin was yellow, for the island in which they lived was the southern island of Japan ; the man who pressed on through their villages was whiter and larger in build. And when he saw them stop and look at him, he would speak, telling why it was that he was there among them ; and as they listened, they found that he had a story to tell them of a new religion. He told them about Jesus Christ, and asked them to believe in Him, and give up their own old faiths. And then, when he had told them in glowing words all he could, this strange, thin, bright-eyed, barefooted man would turn from them, with his face to the North, and hasten on. And thus through the cold winter days he continued, until at

last he came to the coast. He now got a boat, and, after much tossing, he came into the middle island of Japan, and pressed forward to Kyoto, the capital of the country; and in the capital he preached, as he had preached before. But as the days and weeks went by, he began to fear that he had not done much good, nor moved many people to believe. And so at last, heartbroken and weary, he went away. The name of this man was Francis Xavier. His is a famous name for other reasons than this, but it is famous also because he was the first man to bring a message from Europe to Japan.

The chief religion of the Japanese people was known as Shintoism. It taught men to worship their ancestors, and the head of the religion was the Emperor, who was supposed to be a god, and was not allowed to be seen by the common people, but was kept out of sight at the sacred capital, Kyoto.

There was another religion, called Buddhism. When Xavier went away, he thought he had not done much good, but so wonderful was his work in reality that in a few years there were 150,000 Christian believers.

But no more missionaries could come to Japan, for in 1624 the Japanese nobles, hating the religion of the Western people, said that henceforward no foreigner should set foot in their country. Even when our King, Charles II., fifty years later, sent a ship to trade with the Japanese, they would not have anything to do with it.

At this time the Emperor lived away from the eye of his people. The real ruler of the country was a person called the Shôgun, who was the head of a

JAPANESE GIRLS UNDER AN UMBRELLA AND
A PLUM TREE IN BLOSSOM.

powerful body called the Shôgunate. This method of ruling had existed for nearly five hundred years at the time the country of Japan was closed, and it continued until the country was reformed in 1868.

The Shôgun was so powerful that many people regarded him as the Emperor.

Who was the first Englishman to live in Japan? In the next chapter we shall see.

## CHAPTER II

### WILL ADAMS

On a certain day, in the year 1611, a messenger came down the narrow street of the little riverside village of Limehouse beside London, inquiring diligently for "one Mistress Adams"; and at last, coming to the house at which he was told she lived, he knocked.

Presently a woman came to the door. He saw from her looks that she was anxious and weary, and when he asked if she were she whom he sought, he saw that she became strangely excited. Plainly here was the woman of his quest. Opening his pocket, he drew out a letter and pressed it into her hand. Giving one glance at it, the woman exclaimed eagerly; then, thanking her visitor as best she could, she turned and rushed indoors, the letter in her hand.

In a moment she had torn it open, and had read the first words, "Loving Wife." The letter was, indeed, a message from her long-lost husband, who, thirteen years before, had sailed away she knew not where, and

of whom never a word had come to her; and now here was a message written with his own hand. How quickly she read, and what a strange story was unfolded before her! Her husband had sailed as pilot on board one of a number of Dutch merchant ships which were setting out for the Dutch Indies. But terrible weather and much sickness delayed the ships, so that they were forced to change their course and go through the Straits of Magellan; and at last, having still their goods to sell, and being still far from their own islands, the Dutchmen and their English pilot decided to go for a country of which they had heard something, but with which they had never traded. This country was Japan. And so they sailed again. But the ships got separated, and then more sickness befell that in which Adams sailed. Finally, when his vessel anchored off Burgo, in Japan, there were only five men on board who were able to do anything. The sailors asked to be allowed to put their sick ashore. This was granted, but some other Europeans—Portuguese—who were already trading in Japan, made mischief with the Emperor, and said that Adams and the others were pirates. A few days later the Emperor sent for Adams, and the pilot was carried to the Court at Osaka. Here he found a wonderful palace painted in gold. The Emperor asked many questions—if in England they had wars, and in what did the Englishmen believe?

"In the God who made heaven and earth," said Adams.

Adams sat talking until midnight; then he was ordered to prison. Again he was brought before the

Emperor, and again questioned; then once more he was put in prison. But this time the prison was a more comfortable one. Now, for thirty-nine days Adams lay locked up without hearing anything of his companions. All this time their enemies tried to make mischief.

"But," wrote Adams, "God was merciful unto us, and would not suffer them to have their wills against us." The Emperor would not put Adams and the others to death, saying that they had done no harm. He allowed Adams to go free, but he would not permit the sailors to leave Japan. And thus the weeks became months, and the months years.

Then one day the Emperor called Adams to him, and bade him build him a small ship. Adams said he had no knowledge of shipbuilding.

"Well, do it as well as you can," said the Emperor; "if it be no good, it is no matter." Whereupon Adams built a small ship of 80 tons. The Emperor, when he came on board, was so pleased that he at once advanced Adams in his favour. He gave the Englishman presents, and then ordered that a large sum of money should be paid to him regularly out of the State purse. Adams now began to instruct the Emperor in geometry and other matters of useful knowledge, and soon so fond of him did the Emperor become that Adams found himself a man of great power. Indeed, before long the Portuguese, who once had plotted against him, asked him to help them with the Emperor. Adams was a generous man, and so he did as they requested, getting them many favours.

At the end of five years Adams asked the Emperor to let him return to his wife and children, but the Emperor

refused him. Again he asked, and was again refused. But this time the Emperor said that the Dutch captain who had come into the country with Adams might go.

Adams was now bidden to build another ship for the Emperor, and this time built a larger one of 120 tons. This also pleased the Emperor, who increased Adams's pension. He made him a lord of the country, and gave him ninety servants; but he refused still to give him his freedom, and so in his letter he told his wife. And the years went by, and in 1621 Will Adams, the humble pilot of England, but the great and powerful lord of Japan, died.

Such is the strange story of the first Englishman who went to live in Japan. It was four years after Adams's death that the gates of Japan were closed to the world.

## CHAPTER III

### JAPAN AWAKES

And now for two hundred and thirty years Japan remained hidden away from the rest of the world. The people knew nothing about the progress which the rest of the world was making. In England, in 1624, what was known as the feudal system, or government by the great nobles, was already broken up, but the people were still oppressed by the King. Nevertheless, they were slowly becoming more free and better educated. Only a few years after the closing of Japan, the great John Hampden was to raise his voice on behalf of the English people against the cruel

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE CITY OF KOBE

taxes laid on them by King Charles. And as we became more free, and our people less ignorant, our laws became less severe. But while we progressed thus, Japan remained behind her closed doors, still doing what she had done a thousand years before.

In England we began to make it easier to get about. We made canals, and sent merchandise to and fro. Then we tried to increase our trade with other countries, with the East and the West, and we built newer and greater ships to carry the goods we had bought. But while we progressed, Japan still refused to open her gates. In England we made such discoveries as the spinning-jenny and the steam-hammer; we opened great cotton factories, and began to do a great business which employed many thousands of men and women. But while we progressed Japan still remained behind her closed doors. In England, at last, we made a tremendous discovery which completely altered our ways of living. We discovered the steam locomotive, which made it possible for us to get from any one part of the country to another, and helped the people of one district to understand those of another. By means of the locomotive, too, we very greatly increased our trade, so that before long the face of Britain was completely changed.

But Japan still remained behind her closed doors. She knew nothing of how we and Europe had progressed. She cared nothing. If she heard rumours of a wonderful steam creature which ran up and down the earth pulling heavy loads at the command of a man, she told herself that it was all nonsense.

But a time of new things was drawing near for Japan.

America, and then England, sent messages inviting Japan to trade. In 1858 Queen Victoria sent a yacht as a present to the Mikado, or Emperor. As a result, the Japanese signed a treaty, which is called the Treaty of Yedo, after the gulf of that name. Missionaries from England and America now entered Japan, and began their work. Then suddenly a great change came about. The old Emperor, who, like all his ancestors, had lived out of the sight of men at Kyoto, the sacred capital, died. His son, the new Emperor, was young and clever. He resolved that it was time for his people to wake up. He had seen and heard something of the ways of the white people from the West, whom his father's government had allowed to enter the country, and he knew enough to know that the ways of his own people were utterly out of date. He told the nobles that he would live no longer secluded from sight, but would be Emperor in reality. He therefore showed himself to the people, and then set about making a real Government for his country. He asked Englishmen and Americans to help him by taking high offices of State, and he divided the Government of the country into what are called departments. By this method, one official controls the trade of the country, another the foreign affairs, a third the money and taxes. It is the system which we have in England. All these changes took place in 1867. In 1890 a further great change took place, when the Mikado set up a Parliament. But while all these things were beginning to change the method of government, other changes were taking place. The Japanese are a very quick people. They lost no time, therefore, in bringing

into their country all the improvements which they heard were in use in Europe. They copied our ships and our railways, our telegraphs, and our methods of government. Only in one thing they could not imitate us. They could not come to the new and great improvements slowly and bit by bit. They gulped civilization as a boy who has gone without food for a long time gulps the good things before him. For this reason, while the Japanese are a very wonderful nation and a very clever nation, they are not yet to be called a great nation.

## CHAPTER IV

### JAPAN BEAUTIFUL

Japan means the Land of the Rising Sun. It is a country so pleasantly situated that it may be said to have the best of all kinds of weather. It is a land very rich in flowers—azaleas, camellias, hydrangeas, irises, peonies, rhododendrons, great and beautiful lilies, far larger than any we know, as well as plum-blossom and cherry-blossom, serve to give wonderfully glowing colours to the Japanese garden. But an English visitor would see many such old friends as honeysuckles, buttercups, marigolds, and clover. The Japanese, as we shall show, love flowers, and know how to make the best use of them.

Japan has many animals which we do not see in this country. Bears and wolves roam the country districts, as do wild boars, monkeys, and snakes. But, again, there are to be found creatures such as may be found

in Great Britain—badgers, foxes, hawks, pheasants, and horses, though the last-named are miserable creatures compared with ours. They are described as very unwilling and hard to employ. Bullocks are used to draw the heavier burdens, while men draw the lighter ones. Since the invention of the *jinricksha*—a light cart, half perambulator and half hansom, which is drawn by one or two coolies, and is now used everywhere in Japan—passengers require no other means of conveyance. The *jinricksha*, though so common nowadays, was only invented twenty-eight years ago. Some of these carriages are very fine, being decorated with brass. When it rains a hood may be put up, completely protecting the "fare." Besides the *ricksha* a light cart to carry goods is much used. Two men pressing against a crossbar attached to the shaft pull it, while two run behind and press. Horses are sometimes used for pack-saddles. They go unshod save for the straw sandals attached to their feet. These sandals wear out very quickly, so the driver has to take with him a large supply. The worn-out ones may often be seen scattered about the roadsides, but not for long, for the boys and girls quickly gather all they can find in order to manure the land with them.

The most famous of all mountains in Japan is Fujisan, known as the "sacred mountain." It is more than 13,000 feet high. But it is not its height which impresses the visitor to the country, it is its shape and its exquisite whiteness. It rises up like a white column above the town and above the surrounding mountains. It is the favourite subject of the Japanese painters, and well it may be.

FUJISAN, THE "SACRED MOUNTAIN."

A Japanese man enjoys nothing more than to go on a pilgrimage. To meet the expense of these journeys the people of a village get up a club, into which each pays a small sum weekly. Then at the end of the year the money is added together, and the pilgrims are chosen by lot. The travellers set off very cheerfully. Each wears a special hat, which looks more like the cover of an open umbrella than anything else. He also wears a special dress. These clothes are handed down from year to year, and are worn by each succeeding party of pilgrims. With the travellers goes a guide, who points out in a loud voice all that there is of interest to be seen on the way. These pilgrimages are undertaken at various times, but particularly on such occasions as the farm-hands have little to do. Sometimes thousands join in a journey, and may be seen going by in all kinds of good, and bad, and indifferent carriages. Yet, broken down as may be the conveyance, the pilgrim himself will, we are told, always be seen smiling cheerfully. For is he not doing what he had hoped for so long to be able to do ?

## CHAPTER V

### GIRLS AND WOMEN IN JAPAN

The position of women and girls in Japan is a much happier one to-day than it was forty years ago. Then they were little more than slaves, and no one ever thought of treating them as though their advice was of any use, or as though they knew anything beyond the

ordinary work of a house. All this is now changed, as we shall see. But though girls were thought so little of forty years ago, their present happy position has not been reached for the first time. A thousand years ago the girls of Japan were considered of great importance by their fathers and husbands. In those far-off days some of the best poetry and most learned books were written by Japanese women. These women were of the official class, and most of them belonged to the Court of the Emperor. They wrote most of the Japanese books of the time, as the men were then studying Chinese books. At last the best things they had written were collected in a book called "The Collection of Ten Thousand Leaves."

In the years that followed the position of Japanese girls grew more and more important. Nine women, one after another, became the chief rulers of the country, and so much was this the case that the Chinese called Japan the "Queen Country."

Each of these Empresses, surrounded by learned women and great lords, tried to have their girls taught all the learning of the time. Then slowly a change came about, for the Japanese began to be interested in Chinese religion. They studied the words of such Eastern teachers as Confucius, and, later, of Buddha, both of whom taught that women were only fit to be the servants of men. Women were now shut up in their homes, and were not encouraged to write books or to think, and all the time that Japan was shut up the girls of the country were shut up also. Then, in 1867, came a great change. New ideas were allowed to come in, missionaries entered the country, and the

A JAPANESE LADY VIEWING THE PLUM-BLOSSOM
FROM THE BALCONY OF HER HOUSE.

Japanese began to find that the people of the go-ahead nations from Europe, who brought them so many new ideas, and particularly the English missionaries who taught them about Jesus Christ, believed that women should be allowed to use their brains just as men were. The Japanese are a very quick people. It did not take them long to see that their method of bringing up their girls was a bad one. Within five years several Japanese girls had set out for America to study there.

To-day the girls of Japan are the best educated in Asia. There are State schools for girls in every important town, and there are probably forty thousand girl students in Japan to-day. These girls study all kinds of difficult subjects, and learn botany, chemistry, and other sciences. Japan, too, has a university for women, and is the only country in Asia to have one. It is up-to-date in every way, and even publishes a newspaper, so that the pupils who wish to write may learn how to do so. In Tokyo there is a special English Literature School, where girls are taught to love our great English poets. It is not every country which gives up a whole school to teaching the pupils to read the great books of another and a distant land. Needless to say, since women have been allowed to take an interest in books again, they have begun to write and to show that they are fit to do what their ancestors did before them. One Japanese lady showed herself so clever when but a young girl that she was asked to lecture before the Empress. Another lady became so skilled in the use of English that she translated Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" into

Japanese, as well as many other well-known English poems and books.

Many of these girls have not been content to learn the best things from Europe. They have tried to imitate English and French fashions in dress. They have begun wearing high-heeled shoes, and they have seemed not to have the artistic feelings which their mothers had. Girls of this kind are not liked, and, feeling the difference between themselves and those sisters of theirs who have remained at home, they have become unhappy. In the most important families, who are rich enough to travel in Europe and see the world, the girls are often allowed to be like English girls, and are treated with the respect paid to boys. In the working classes, however, the girls are still as much subject to the boys as ever they were. The lot of the girls is thus not very much better than it used to be in Japan. Indeed, it is said that even in the wealthy families who visit Europe, the girls in the private life of the family go back to their old position, wear their *kimono*, and bow down to their brothers.

## CHAPTER VI

### BOYS, GIRLS, AND POLITENESS

Fathers and mothers in Japan are very fond of their children. They carry them about on their backs, and even the men may often be seen with a small son or daughter tucked away comfortably in the fold of the *kimono*. Parents fondle their little ones, show a great

interest in their games, and are delighted when a son or daughter attracts the attention of an admiring stranger. They are always trying to discover new ways to please their children, and when not taking them to enjoy a festival, are always giving them some new toy, or a fine new kite, or a splendid paper lantern. So fond are the Japanese of children that a man will often be seen showing great pleasure in the cleverness or beauty of some boy or girl other than his own, while Mrs. Bishop says that it is most amusing in the early morning to see a row of men sitting chatting on a wall, each with a small child in his arms, and each, so far as could be judged, telling all the others what a wonderfully clever boy *his* boy is.

Children's names in Japan are very pretty. Among the favourite ones are Haru (Spring), Yuki (Snow), Hana (Blossom), Kiku (Chrysanthemum), Gin (Silver). As in other Eastern countries, a child's name changes as it grows older.

A child has what is called his " true name," which is kept secret, and is supposed to be very mysterious. It is only mentioned at times of important ceremonies. As a rule, boys have also another name, which ends with a number. Sometimes, as a joke, a father so arranges the names of his sons that by taking the first syllable in each case and putting them together, a pun —that is, a play upon words—is formed. Nicknames are very popular in Japan.

All names are changed periodically. For instance, the name worn by a baby disappears when it grows older, while a married woman has no name at all.

So fond are parents of their children that even the

little girls have nothing to fear unless they are the children of very poor and ignorant people in the country, when it sometimes happens that, to get a little money, a father will sell his daughter.

But while parents are kind to their daughters they think more of their sons, for, as in China, there is a rule that only male persons may worship their dead parents at the ancestral altar. If a man has no son, therefore, he will have nobody to worship him. He has, however, a way of getting out of the difficulty, for if he has no son of his own he may adopt one. So anxious are some Japanese people to make certain that on their death there will be a young man to worship at their tablet, that if they have no son, and have omitted to adopt one, a man will, when dying, suddenly call out for a boy to be found and brought to his bedside, that the lad may be adopted there and then as his son. A boy will in this way possess an adopted parent for only a few hours. Some men even go to the length of leaving instructions in their wills for a son to be adopted after their death, in which case the boy becomes possessed of a father whom perhaps he never saw in life! It is now necessary for a person to be twenty-one before being permitted to adopt a son, and the would-be parent must only adopt a boy of an age so much less than his own that the boy might actually be his son. This rule is very necessary, as it sometimes happened that a boy would adopt a man as his son! If an adopted person does anything to disgrace the name of the family into which he is admitted, he may be dismissed just as a servant would be.

One never sees a child crying in Japan, nor does one

ever hear a mother threatening her children with punishment. Children are taught to control their feelings. Even when playing games the boys and girls do not get excited and have disputes. The rules of their games are so well known that there is nothing to argue about. These rules are taught them by their parents in the same way we should be taught how to read or to sit at table. The reason that the children are so well-behaved is that they are accustomed to regard their parents as deserving of all the reverence of which children are capable. Whatever a father says, therefore, is regarded by his sons and daughters as more important than anything else said to them. They ask permission of their parents even before they will accept a sweet from a visitor, and in all things they seek to make their parents happy. If his father is ill, a Japanese boy will spend much time thinking out some way in which he can ease his parent's pain, and some wonderful tales are told of the lengths to which boys have gone to serve their parents.

The Japanese, like the French, are a very polite people. When a Frenchman asks you the way he takes his hat off. When a Japanese puts a question he bows. And he does not do so awkwardly, as we do. He does it as though it were the most natural thing in the world. He does it just as he smiles, or walks, or speaks. And he does it because, from the moment he was born, he was taught politeness.

The baby of Japan is never encouraged to cry or to call attention to itself. If it hurts itself and calls out little notice is taken of it, and it is treated thus, not because its mother does not care about it—Japanese

mothers are devoted to their children—but because she wishes it to learn from the very beginning that pain is to be borne without sound or murmur, and that feelings are to be kept under control. It may seem a hard way to treat a little child who has not yet learnt even to walk or talk, but it makes quite certain that he will never once connect in his growing mind the idea of crying with the idea of sympathy. Most boys and girls cry because they want their father and mother to notice them. If they are not noticed they will not often cry ; and so, as the little Japanese child grows, he becomes more and more self-controlled. He does not whimper, he does not scream out in pain. He makes himself keep quiet. He slowly begins to understand that there is a reason for his doing so, that it is good manners, and then he learns also to be polite in other ways. He does not rush into a room noisily as we do, but bows politely at the door.

## CHAPTER VII

### PLAY

Besides teaching their children to be silent and thus to be polite, mothers in Japan teach them from babyhood how to walk, to kneel, and to bow gracefully so that the head touches the floor before a superior, and how to rise again without being clumsy. The baby boy or girl must not disturb a fold of his or her dress while making the bow, and, until perfect, must not cease to practise.

To make boys courageous they are made to walk barefoot in the snow, while a boy who can sit in a graveyard all night without crying out is considered to have learnt one of the most important of lessons, and this is a real test of bravery, for while we know that there is no more reason for being fearful in a graveyard than in one's own home, the Japanese boy is taught to believe in spirits. Oriental peoples all think that spirits which are neglected and not worshipped at ancestral tablets go about injuring the living folk. So to creep into the graveyard while the moon casts eerie shadows on the stones, or where the darkness is so intense that it is impossible to know whether any particular sound is made merely by a wind-tossed tree or a deadly enemy—to do this requires real courage.

The old religion of Japan, called Bushido, used to teach children their duty, and one lesson which it taught was that great care should be taken of the body—not that a boy was supposed to think that his body was important in itself; its value lay in the fact that while it was healthy it enabled him to serve his parents. So much was this believed that if a boy lay dying it was held to be his duty to apologize to his parents for leaving them. A traveller tells how a sick boy who knew he could not get better addressed his parents in this way:

"Forgive me that I go before you. I grieve my father and my mother. . . . In your old age you will miss me. I could have done something in return for all you have done for me."

But when we say that they are polite and learn to

control themselves, we do not mean that they do not run about and enjoy life. Their politeness is so natural to them that it is never a burden as it is to us. And so they become keen, though very quiet and happy, players of their own games. In Japan the boys and girls of all classes use the streets in front of their houses for a playground, just as in the evenings our own boys and girls do who have no gardens.

If we were to come suddenly upon a group of the children thus playing, what should we see ? We should see little olive-skinned children, with keen little black eyes, eager for every movement, and dressed in the *kimono*, a loose gown in shape not unlike one of our wide-sleeved dressing-gowns. Perhaps one of the first things we should notice is the hair of the children. The heads of boys in Japan during their first three years are shaved completely. The effect is said to be very ugly. When the boy is three a few tufts are allowed to show themselves. When he is ten his parents cease shaving his head, and shave only his crown. And when at last he reaches the age of fifteen, and becomes, in Japanese eyes, a man, his hair is allowed to grow naturally. We can therefore guess the ages of the boys we see playing by looking at their heads. The girls' heads also show their owners' ages. As a girl grows older the dressing of her hair is changed, just as it is in England.

We shall not see on the bodies of the children playing before us any small burns, such as, in olden times, could always be observed on the backs of Japanese boys. For their ignorant parents used to light small pieces of wool and lay these on the child's back, thinking they would keep him clear of disease.

WESTARIA AND TEA HOUSES AT NAGAOKA, JAPAN

The *kimonos* which the children wear are gay and shining, but the colours are not chosen anyhow by their parents. As soon as a baby is born the mother calls all her friends together to discuss what it shall wear. More trouble and money are spent on the baby's dresses than will ever be spent on its clothes again. If it is born in June, and if its mother can afford it, she will perhaps try to have its dress made so that it shall represent the flowers of June. But above all the dress of the child must show something of the feelings of its mother. One baby makes people think of its mother's love of her country; another reminds them of that mother's unselfishness; while another tiny child, by the quiet colours of its *kimono*, makes one think of its mother's seriousness and love of quiet things. Even if the parents are not rich, they will try to give their children handsome dresses, particularly when a festival is to take place. Fathers will starve themselves to get enough money to buy fine *kimonos*.

Children put on *kimonos* at the age of three, and it is the chief article of their clothing to the end of their days. In the cities, among the men in high position who mix with Europeans, ordinary English dress is now usually worn. But it is said that when the day's work is over, and these gentlemen are at home once more, they often get back into the loved *kimono*.

But as we watch the children playing in the streets or gazing into a shop-window, we notice something much stranger about each of the girls than her dress. For she carries ever on her back a little bundle, which, on coming nearer, we see is alive.

The bundle is in fact no less a person than her brother or sister. Only if the girl has no small brother or sister does she carry a doll. How the baby likes to be jogged about as his or her sister jumps forward to catch the shuttlecock we may try to guess, but probably the wise baby is already learning, what all babies in Japan have to learn, that there is no good in crying or making a fuss about anything. Indeed, so cheerful is the baby that it often goes calmly to sleep. As for the girl, she continues at her game quite undisturbed by her burden. Her baby brother might be part of her dress so untroubled is she.

The habit of carrying children on the back is general in Japan. A baby, if it is of fair size and well hitched up, can see over its mother's back, and has not so much to complain of; but if it is small it can see little, and must just try to bear the hot sun on its shaven head without any of the excitement of seeing more than what lies behind.

## CHAPTER VIII

### DRESS AND MORE MANNERS

Boys and girls, men and women, all wear the same dress in Japan. When a youth grows up he still wears clothes cut in exactly the same way as those he wore when a very small boy. Besides the outer *kimono*, the children and the men and women wear an inner *kimono;* all the garments are fastened close to the body of the wearer by means of a splendid sash. This sash is called an *obi*, and, if only the parents of the boy

or girl are rich enough, it is sure to be very costly, and made of the most splendid silks or cloth of gold. The girls naturally are more anxious than the boys to have splendid sashes, and it is usually to them that the parents give them, although they think so much more of their boys. A girl is never so pleased as when her *obi* glows in the sun.

A boy begins to wear his *obi* when three years of age, but a girl wears hers from her birth. She takes great delight also in the ornaments in her hair. She does not have mere wire hairpins, but beautiful ones with tortoiseshell heads on them, or heads of coral or lacquer, all these heads being exquisitely carved. The boys, we notice, have the *kimono* just as the girls have, but their *obis* are not so grand, and the older among them wear, instead of the under *kimono*, a pair of loose trousers, called *hakana*. The boy is first allowed to wear these trousers when he is five, and on the day on which he puts on his fine new *hakana* he feels as pleased with himself as we do when we put on a sailor suit, and go out for the first time with a linen collar of our own. But though he now wears these trousers under the *kimono*, he still outwardly has much the same appearance as he had when he first began to walk.

Upon their feet the boys and girls of Japan do not wear stockings such as we wear, but what are called *tabi*. These are more like the white knitted gloves we put on in winter than anything else, for there are divisions for each toe, just as in our gloves there are divisions for the fingers. When the boy goes out he wears little wooden clogs which are put on at the door. He never

wears these clogs indoors, for his *tabi* are strong enough and thick enough, not only to serve as stockings, but as slippers as well. It is not only not polite to wear clogs indoors, but foolish, for the mats on Japanese floors are so beautiful and delicate that a dirty clog-mark would quickly destroy their beauty. Japanese clogs are often very finely made ; those worn by girls being inlaid with lacquer.

The indoor life of boys and girls in Japan has about it some things which we should like. Children are allowed to sit up as long as their parents, and frequently are not in bed until ten o'clock. How is the evening spent ? Partly by doing home-lessons, for these are a very important part of the Japanese child's life. In the country, where the lighting is very bad, and all gather round an ill-smelling lamp with a paper globe, instead of glass, it is not easy to see one's book. But the children never grumble, because they are taught to bear cheerfully every kind of inconvenience. Even if they said anything, their parents would take little notice, for though they love their children, they want them to be content with whatever may be their lot. And so very soon the boys and girls learn to be silent. A boy sits perhaps studying one of the old Chinese classics, with the wonderful tales of devotion to parents. Suddenly he finds he cannot read because the light is failing. So he draws nearer to the dying lamp-light. " What is the good of complaining ?" he thinks to himself. " It would only worry my parents, and would be the worst kind of bad manners." And so, if the light goes out, he will sit quietly until his mother trims the lamp anew. Later on, perhaps, he

begins his evening games with his little brothers and sisters. But though he plays with great earnestness, he is very quiet all the time. Eastern children make a good deal of noise in their schoolrooms, but, strange to say, when they are at their games they are almost silent. They are also tremendously polite. Even the smallest boy or girl will bow in the most serious way when it is his turn to move his hand ; while the winner bows to all those whom he has defeated in such a fine way that the bow must almost make up to them for the defeat. Japanese children when playing games not only bow, but remember to address one another with titles of respect. We would think it strange if we heard two little girls calling one another " Miss So-and-So " while playing with their dolls. But a little Japanese girl would think it strange if she did *not* so address her little friend. She never forgets to call the girls around her by the title of " O " and " San." Thus, if the child's name is Haru, she must be called " O Haru San." To call her just " Haru " would be very rude. It may seem strange, not only that these rules should be made, but that the children always remember them. But it will surprise us less when we remember that, while there are many rules of behaviour, these rules are taught to the boys and girls by their mothers from the very beginning. Even before a baby can speak he or she is taught to bow, while as soon as he can understand anything at all he is made to feel that he must be careful of his manners, and not mind discomfort.

By the time a girl is ten she knows as much about politeness as her mother, and when she has a party she

knows exactly how to treat each guest, and where exactly to put each caller. She never forgets which of her little friends is highest in rank, and so arranges the places of each of the arrivals that no one is ever offended because she has been given a lower place than her right.

## CHAPTER IX

### KITES AND GAMES

The boys and girls of Japan are very fond of games. But while they do not play all the games we know—there is no All-Japan Eleven, and there are no test-matches between Japan and China—yet some of their sports are favourites of ours also. The Japanese are, for instance, great fliers of kites. We think it wonderful because a man as old as Dr. W. G. Grace can go on playing cricket all his life, but in Japan even the old men fly kites, and enjoy doing so. On festival days a whole village will be seen kite-flying. Kites of all colours seem to fill the sky, and the old men run hither and thither, each smiling at his own kite, as do the youngest of the children. As for the children, even the babies on their mothers' backs have each his kite-string to hold, even though the kite is only a few inches away, or perhaps not flying at all.

Some of these kites are very fine affairs, with faces of famous historical figures, while others have pieces of whalebone so arranged that when the wind plays upon them a faint music is heard in the air.

Another favourite amusement is the toy water-

wheel. Boys get great fun from this. The wheel is placed beside any little stream suitable for the purpose, and when it is set going it not only revolves itself, but works a mechanical toy such as a rice-husker.

Of kite-flying we know something in this country; but there is another favourite Japanese game which we do not know. This game is the game of making sand-pictures on the road. There are certain men in Japan who are famous for the beautiful sand-pictures which they can turn out. But they are not alone, for the smallest boys and girls can make quite beautiful pictures. The little artist has three bags of coloured sand and one of white. With these he can make the most beautiful effects.

A favourite amusement, particularly for indoors, is a proverb game. A number of small sheets of cardboard have each a proverb written upon them. Such proverbs as these, for example: "Curse a neighbour and dig a grave," "The fly finds the diseased spot," etc. On other pieces of cardboard or thick paper are pictures illustrating these proverbs. For instance, one paper will show a man with a sore, on which a fly is settling. The player reads out to the others the proverb printed on his card, and whoever has the picture corresponding hands it over. Whoever first gets rid of all his cards is hailed as the winner, and receives the polite salutes of all the others.

At times of festival the boys and girls have a great time. The children all go over together to one of the temples. On one day there is a festival specially for girls under ten. The hundreds of little children in their bright *kimonos*, which, however, are tucked up to show the

fine red petticoats worn beneath, is a very wonderful and glowing sight. It has in fact been compared to a field of red poppies. But the love of scarlet is not shown only in petticoats. Red ribbon decorates every little girl's head, and red ribbon is tied round the neck. Only the *kimonos* vary, but these are of all colours. The whole effect is wonderful.

The girls are arranged in two long rows, with a space of several yards between them, and in the space stand servants holding long bamboo poles just cut down for the occasion, the poles having suspended from them flat narrow drums covered with tissue-paper. After a while the teachers appear with little balls, which they throw down on the grass between the girls and the drums. Then all wait anxiously, eyes on the balls. Suddenly a signal is given, and at once all run as fast as ever they can, and every girl tries to catch up a ball, and throw it through the tissue-paper covering the drum. Imagine the delight of a little player when she succeeds. But most girls in their eagerness throw their balls so hard or so carelessly that they go far beyond the mark. However, others are more successful, and at last the tissue is all destroyed. But the girls' interest in what they see is only now beginning. For, as they wait, out of the now opened drums float coloured papers, miniature lanterns, paper umbrellas, and flags. How the children catch up these jolly presents, and with what delight they rush off with them! And with coloured lanterns, coloured papers, flashing flags, and glowing *kimonos*, as well as scarlet petticoats, what a brilliant picture of colour it all makes!

AN IRIS GARDEN

## CHAPTER X

### LEARNING

For five hundred years before the opening up of Japan in 1868, the people were accustomed to think that the best learning was Chinese. Accordingly, the boys were taught the famous Chinese classics, and when a boy happened to be considered particularly clever, one would be sure to find that his fame rested on the quickness with which he could answer questions from the classics. There were no Japanese books, and until the coming of Chinese learning the boys of Japan were taught the history of their land and the country's old romances by means of songs.

In 1868, and in the years that followed, the Japanese became greatly interested in English and American methods of teaching. They asked many questions, they sent over people to find out the very newest ways, and at last they decided to get rid of many of their ancient and worn-out methods. There is, however, one difficulty in teaching which still remains. Japanese children, when learning to write, have to learn, not only Japanese characters, but also the Chinese characters from which the Japanese are derived. Then, again, there is a difference between the written and spoken language of Japan. These were once the same, but owing to the slavish love of Chinese methods which possessed the Japanese for so long this difference has continued. A teacher thus cannot dictate to his pupils, nor can they take notes of his lectures. All

they can do is to remember what he says in the spoken language, and they, as it were, translate it into the written one. Of course, all this means that a great deal of time is wasted. Of these ways the people are naturally getting tired, and so a movement has been started called "*Kana*," to get the schoolmasters to use only the Japanese alphabet.

But reformers want to bring about another change in Japanese methods of writing. At present, if we take up a school-book used in Japan, we shall find that to read the book it is necessary to turn to the end of the volume, and then to read, as we would think, backwards. Indeed, the whole business of reading would seem to us to be upside down, for not only are books read backwards, but in reading a page of Japanese one reads from right to left, instead of left to right.

When they write they do not use pens, but brushes, and they write, not in straight lines, but paint each word under the one before. They do not write "Have you seen the cat ?" but—

evaH
uoY
neeS
ehT
? taC

This way of writing is held by many of the wisest men to be out of date. They want therefore to do away with it, and to have, instead, books printed in letters which run across the page, as the letters in our books do. And they want to go further. They hope some day to persuade the Government to order that

no more shall the old Japanese and Chinese way of writing be used, but what is called the Roman method of lettering, such as we use and as is used in France, shall be used in Japan. When this is done, it will be far easier for boys and girls to read English books. Another difficulty which teachers of Japanese boys and girls have to face is that they are never able to feel that their pupils have the sense of right and wrong which, through the teaching of the Christian religion, we have. This is the complaint, not of an English visitor, but of one of the greatest Japanese educationalists. The upper class boys, it is true, learn their duty to their parents and ancestors from the Chinese classics; but the other boys, who have never learnt these classics, have not even this small help. A teacher cannot feel that his pupil will obey him because it is right, or that he will not cheat because he knows it is wrong.

Another difficulty in a Japanese school is really due to the quickness of the people in taking their ideas from Europe. One subject is taught in French, another in German. This is now seen to be a bad method, and is quickly being changed. Only when every subject can be taught in the tongue which the boys and girls know, can they be expected to learn all that is possible of that subject. If we had to study English history from French books only, we should spend most of our time translating, and our minds would be very little on the history!

The schools of Japan are of several kinds. First of all there are the schools which the youngest children attend. These are called "Primary Schools," and are like ours of a similar name. Here the pupils learn

Japanese, arithmetic, science, and gymnastics, and the girls learn sewing. All girls in Japan are taught to sew, but sewing does not mean for them much difficulty, for the *kimono* is a very simple garment, and there are few others than this to make.

Boys are taught farming and English. Gymnastics also are taught, and are very necessary, for if left to themselves pupils will work tremendously hard, and will take as little exercise as they can. They often become ill through overwork, and so it is a good thing for them that they are forced to use the " gym."

Japanese children, like English, not only do lessons, but have holiday tasks, and these are studied, not only on the last day of the holidays, as is our way, but for an hour every evening. The boys and girls also have exams. But these are not held at the end of a term, but at the beginning, so that the teacher may know how much they really remember.

Besides the various Primary Schools there are Secondary Schools, to which boys over twelve go. The various schools are attended by boys of several ranks. There are scattered among the schools of the land a few descendants of the old nobles, while in most schools there are to be found one or two boys of the Samarai class. This class is known as that of the *Shizokus*. These people, though once very rich and powerful, are now poor. But, poor as they are, they are tremendously ambitious. They will make any sacrifice in order to be able to keep their children at school. They do not forget that until 1868 they were the governing class. The result of the strivings of these people to give their boys the best possible education is

seen at the universities, where it is found that nearly half the number of pupils belong to this class, though the *Shizokus* represent only a twentieth part of the population of Japan. The parents of these young men do not mind how hard they have to work, or how poor their food is, or how few their pleasures, if only they can make certain that their sons will be able to pass through the university. And not only do the parents of a clever boy devote themselves in this way, but often enough his sister will stint herself, and perhaps will even become a tea-house girl, in order to get a little money to give her brother. But a boy need not fear that help will stop even at his sister. In many villages, if a boy shows real cleverness, his fellow-villagers will club together that he may get the best learning possible.

These clever Japanese boys have no false pride. To attend the university they will do anything. And so in the homes of most of the great officials who happen to live in a city in which there is a university will be found one or two young men who earn their living as servants, while at the same time attending the classes at the university.

## CHAPTER XI

### SCHOOLS AND "PLACING" AND GARDENS

And now let us see what a Japanese school is like. At 7 a.m. a drum beats, and boys and girls run out, knowing that this drum says as plainly as anything: "Come to school, come to school." Away they go,

not tumbling over one another, of course, for they are too quiet and polite in their manner to show haste, but quite eager nevertheless to begin the day's work.

The boys and girls on entering do not rush in, pulling their ties straight or looking anxiously to see that their boots are properly fastened. They enter quietly, and with low bows to their teacher, who returns the bow with equal politeness. They then seat themselves at their desks. At one time they squatted on the floor beside desks reaching scarcely a foot above ground, but in these days the more up-to-date school authorities order high desks and stools. There are maps on the walls and a big blackboard, of which the teacher makes great use. The youngest children have object-lessons, while the older boys and girls learn many such lessons as we also know. When they read out their geography or history, however, they do it in a very high-pitched voice, for they still think in Japan, as they think in China, that the greater the noise the keener the scholar. There is really little need, however, for children to shout to show how earnest they are. Their keenness is seen in their faces. They have no eyes for anyone or anything but their lessons, and even a foreigner coming in will not divert their attention. Punishment when necessary does not take the form of beating, though it did once. When a boy does not know his lesson he is " kept in." In the old days, however, a master to punish a boy used to beat him as thoroughly as our grandfather's master would have beaten him.

Writing is done with a camel-hair brush dipped in

Indian ink. A pen is not used. With his brush a boy can paint characters a foot in length.

But the boys and girls of Japan use brushes, not only for writing, but, as we do, for painting. All children in Japan are taught to be artistic ; indeed, the Japanese are one of the most artistic peoples in the world. When the boys are only just able to walk they begin to paint, and quite little fellows draw really well. If a Japanese boy is painting a goldfish, he does not copy a drawing of one by an older hand. He goes and sits beside a tank in which goldfish are swimming, and watches them carefully. Sometimes he will sit watching in this way for an hour without moving or trying to paint anything. Then he will creep away to where his paint-box is lying, and try to paint what he remembers about a goldfish. When he has painted as much as he can recall, he goes back and watches the goldfish again. And then once more he goes back. In this way he studies every movement of the fish, and though quite young, can soon paint a picture of a goldfish without seeing it once while at work.

The Japanese children are taught to be artistic in other ways as well. One subject which they must all study very carefully is that of arranging objects to give a beautiful effect. Japanese boys and girls spend hours in learning this art. The cleverest girls in the house are the girls who know best how to place flowers and flower-pots, and furniture and hangings, in such a way that whoever enters a room in which these articles and flowers are to be found at once feels a sense of beauty. The boys also are taught how to place objects, and even the poorest of them often show

themselves better artists in arranging objects of beauty than the most famous English artists. One of the latter, Mr. Mortimer Menpes, who made a sojourn of several years in the country, tells in his beautiful book on Japan how he once found himself completely beaten by a little boy-servant. Mr. Menpes bought a number of fan-carriers, and, taking them to his house, began to arrange them on his walls. But though he tried hard he was not completely satisfied, and when he turned round and saw the face of the boy-servant, he discovered that the boy was very miserable. Mr. Menpes asked the boy at last what was the matter.

"I do not like the way you are arranging your fan-holders, sir," said the boy.

"Why did you not tell me so?" cried Mr. Menpes.

"You are an artist from England," said the boy humbly, "and it was not for me to speak."

Mr. Menpes then told the boy to set to work and see what he could do. The boy wanted no second bidding. He at once got to work arranging and rearranging, placing and replacing, but he worked for an hour before he was satisfied with the result; then he stood back. When Mr. Menpes looked at the boy's work he was delighted. "It was simply beautiful," he said; and it is the same artist who tells another story of the powers which the Japanese have of making rooms beautiful by arranging the objects in them.

An American went to stay with a Japanese family. He was not an artist, and yet, without understanding why, he felt that somehow the whole house was beautiful. It was so beautiful that it made him feel

CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN POTS OUTSIDE A JAPANESE HOUSE.

happy and at peace. Yet he did not once consider how all this had come about. But one morning he happened to get up early, and, taking a stroll about the house, he came suddenly upon a strange sight. Before him in the chief room, as the dawn broke, he saw the man of the house, now quite an old gentleman, on his knees on the floor working hard upon a small tree of pink blossoms growing in a beautiful old China pot. Now he would clip off a sprig here and now a sprig there. Then he would put back his head to judge the effect. The eyes of the American filled with tears as he watched, for now he understood that it was not by accident that the house was made so beautiful and peaceful for him, but by the hard study and work of all the members of the household.

The Japanese have made what is called "placing" their special study, and they do not keep their knowledge only for use indoors. Even when they are at work they try to arrange everything so that the best effect is produced. When they cut down a tree, if there is a wall beside it they sometimes make a little cleft in the stonework so that when the tree falls it will fall gently into the hole. Moreover, so that the branches will be snapped easily, the workman arranges large stones against which the branches strike and break off.

The Japanese love flowers, and so flowers are the form of beauty of which they think most. There are a number of women in England who earn their living by going out in the evening and arranging the flowers for the dinner-table of a large house. But any little girl in Japan could do what only a few of our cleverest women can do in this way. Every workman, however

poor he may be, has a little flower beside him at which he looks now and again to enjoy its beauty. If you are a guest at dinner you do not find yourself seated next to someone to whom you must talk. Beside you, instead, is a beautiful flower, and it has been placed there by one who has for years studied the arrangement of flowers. There are in Japan certain people who are known throughout the country as masters of flower-placing, just as in England we have famous masters of painting or music. And when occasionally one of the flower-masters discovers a new way of arranging a particular flower, it is talked about all over Japan.

The flower-masters will sometimes give a performance of flower arrangement, and it is a very wonderful sight. But it is necessary for the Englishman to understand its meaning or he may hurt the master's feelings. One day the greatest of all the flower-masters of Japan was giving an exhibition of his skill, and had just arranged in a very beautiful and striking manner a small pine, with one large jutting bough. He leaned back to enjoy its great loveliness, and half closed his eyes, when suddenly in rushed an English visitor, and, taking off his straw hat, without thinking, stuck it upon the bough, using the tree as a hat-peg. But the flower-master was terribly grieved. He got up at once very quietly, but very sadly, picked up his boughs and flowers, and, signing to his assistant, went out, and he never came to that house again.

The Japanese do not like a great many flowers all jumbled up together. They prefer to see a single plant growing in a pot, or a few lilies and grasses arranged in a small space. What they seek to do is to

make the plants and flowers seem absolutely natural and fresh, so that the onlooker can enjoy them just as much in the house as if he were looking at them growing in the garden. Nevertheless, it is only natural that the Japanese should love their gardens, and give a great deal of their time to them. Gardeners in Japan are not of the kind which we call "jobbing gardeners." They study their gardens as our lawyers study law. One day Mr. Menpes saw an odd-looking man sitting on a piece of waste land. He noticed that he kept on nodding to himself and smiling. But so far as could be seen there was nothing about him to give him pleasure—only the piece of waste land. When the artist passed the next day, he saw that the old man continued to sit there, nodding and smiling, though still there was nothing near him about which he could reasonably be pleased. Another day passed, and once more the English artist saw the old man nodding and smiling, and now he resolved to find out all about him. But, when he put a question, "Don't you know," was the answer; "he is one of our greatest landscape gardeners, and for three days he has been thinking out a garden for me. If you can come here in a few days, I will show you the drawings of that garden all complete"; and when the artist came and saw the plans he found that the bare piece of land would soon indeed be a beautiful garden, with flowers, and trees, and ponds for goldfish, and little bridges. And the old man had not made any notes. He had sat for three days on the bare land, and planned everything in his mind, and then he had gone home and made out his plan.

"In a few weeks," said the merchant, "the garden will be complete—all but one stone."

"One stone—why one stone?" asked the astonished Englishman.

"Because," answered the merchant, "that one stone is very important;" and he explained that a special stone, which sometimes costs hundreds of pounds, is placed in each Japanese garden, and that it is of such a kind that, when placed in its right position, it gives beauty to the whole garden.

The Japanese will travel hundreds of miles to see a famous and beautiful garden, just as we take long journeys to see processions of great people, or to watch a cricket match. Such sights as the cherry-blossoms of Yoshino, the plum-trees in full bloom at Sugata, or the avenue of cherry-trees on the banks of the River Sumidagawa, draw people from great distances. In the old days, before the young Mikado made himself the real head of his country, this embankment was the favourite walk of some of the great nobles, who used to move up and down in their splendid dresses, gravely bowing to one another. But the most beautiful of all the gardens are the iris gardens at Horikiri. As the day passes they seem to change colour. In the sun the petals of the flowers glow in their splendour. Then as the evening comes on the purple blooms seem to fade, while the white ones stand out like ivory.

The Japanese care for their gardens, however, not only because they love beautiful things, but because it is in their gardens, even more than in their houses, that they love to receive their friends, and to seek to

make them happy. In many gardens they build little tea-houses. These are not painted, and are said to be much more beautiful because left untouched by the brush. The colouring of the scene is done in other ways—by the bright gowns of the servants and the blue and white iris.

## CHAPTER XII

### TEA

The tea-house of Japan is used much as our bun- and tea-shops are, only, instead of a waitress in black dress and cuffs and collar, the visitor is waited upon by girl attendants, called *moosmes*, who wear red petticoats, and who kneel, and in places where they keep up the old customs, bow down with their heads on the ground. Having shown her politeness, the *moosme* runs away and brings tea in a small pot, but with no milk or sugar. This tea is said to be unpleasant to English taste, being very bitter. In appearance it is not dark brown, such as are the teas we like, but the colour of straw.

This tea is offered in private houses no less than in tea-houses as soon as a visitor appears. It is even put before customers on entering a shop. How jolly we should think it if, when we went to see the toy trains in a big shop in London, the attendants rushed up with cups of tea. But, of course, the chief place for getting tea is the tea-house. In Japan the tea-house is the favourite place of meeting, while when a man wants to have a party of his friends he will usually

ask them all to meet him at one of these houses. To a foreigner these establishments are very strange. He is expected to remove his boots just as the Japanese remove their clogs. And then he will have to sit on his heels before a little table no higher than the Japanese schoolboy's desk.

In a tea-house one may get tea, refreshments, attendance, and a room in which to eat. Tea-houses are of all kinds, from fine ones with three storeys, and decorated with flags and lanterns, to the humble roadside tea-house, with three or four lounges made of common wood, in which the passing coolie is glad to pause, rest, and refresh himself. These tea-houses have a floor raised several inches above the ground, while in the centre is a space called the " earth space." Here travellers may wash their soiled feet before touching the floor with them. On one side of the room is the " kitchen," consisting of a few charcoal fires. Here the weary coolie will often be seen lying back very much at his ease. Mrs. Bishop tells us that some of these tea-houses have rooms at the back, where one may rest away from the bustle and dust of the road.

As soon as a visitor has seated himself a laughing girl brings the tiny table on which the tea is served, together with a very small teapot holding a cup of tea, and two cups without handles or saucers. No milk or sugar is taken with tea in Japan, and the hot water is only allowed to soak for a minute before it is poured out. Three times a day one may have hot rice. The Japanese, if they can afford it, eat a great deal of rice, but the poor have to be content with cheap fish and millet-meal. There are ninety different

kinds of fish eaten, and some of these, including whale, are eaten raw. The Japanese are also fond of vegetables, and the poorer people make great use of a kind of turnip which gives a strong taste to their food. It has, however, a horrible smell. The favourite fruit and the easiest obtainable is the *persimmon*, which is a beautiful golden colour. Seaweed is eaten, and so are mushrooms and pickles. But the Japanese boy never knows what it is to eat a tart, or a pudding, or a custard, or any of the delicious things which our mothers make for us from milk and butter.

And now having referred to the tea-houses, we must have a look at the Japanese homes and shops.

## CHAPTER XIII

### HOMES

There is one great difference between our homes and those of the Japanese. Whereas we build our houses of solid brick, they make their houses mostly of wood. Even in the great city of Tokyo, the capital of the country, only about one-eighth of the whole number of houses is built of anything but timber, while in the country wooden houses are everywhere.

But this is not to be taken as a sign that in one way at least the Japanese still refuse to give up their old methods of doing things. They live in wooden houses, because for them it is the most convenient way of living. For in Japan earthquakes are very common. In Tokyo alone a hundred and fifty take place every

year. And an earthquake is not very good for one's house. Quite likely the house, even if made of brick, would fall down. But if one has only a wooden house to rebuild the expense will be much less than it would if one had to rebuild a brick house.

A Japanese house would remind us rather of a cricket pavilion. The wood used is often very badly seasoned, so that after a short time it is no uncommon thing for one to see openings in the walls. These houses are sometimes built on a high terrace, with stone steps leading up to the door. The veranda is a very important part of the house. It is beautifully polished, and its floor, like those of the house itself, is covered with the most beautiful and daintiest mats.

Within the house we find ceilings of light wood beautifully painted by skilled Japanese artists. All the woodwork has the same fine polish that we notice outside. The roof always receives much attention. The Japanese understand thoroughly how to make and use the most beautiful of tiles. These are of coppery grey, and the effect is said to be very pleasing.

The furniture used in the Japanese house is very limited. In some rooms only a screen will be found, while a single string of flowers is used for decoration in a way that only the Japanese understand. The lighting of the house is generally very poor. The lamp is a large affair, with paper panes. In the bottom of this is a flat dish full of oil, with a piece of rush as wick. These lamps are kept going all night, for a Japanese family has no love of the dark. The candles used by these people are said to be even worse than the lamps, and need snuffing every few minutes. In all

A JAPANESE RIVERSIDE HOUSE WITH AZALEAS IN FULL BLOOM

Japanese houses the bath is a great feature. A Japanese boy will cheerfully take a bath in water which is not much below boiling-point. It is marvellous to English visitors how their Japanese friends can endure the great heat. The same water is used by each member of the household, and if the bath is a public one and used by the whole village, the water is not changed for each customer, and only when many have bathed is there a hope of getting clean water. Though these baths are in such common use, there is no demand for soap, and the towel is generally dirty.

The Japanese do not use chairs. They squat upon the floor. For this reason they become bow-legged and are less in height than they would be if they were not accustomed to twist their legs under them continually. It is said that they reduce their height by 3 inches by this habit of squatting.

In every Japanese home there are two "sacred places." One is called the *kamidana*, or god-shelf, and the other the *butsudan*, or Buddhist altar. The first of them is the *Shinto* altar, which is dedicated to the "first Imperial ancestor." What *Shinto* means we shall explain later. This altar is made of plain wood. On the shelf is a small portion of the great offering made every year to the first ancestor in the Temple of Ise. These portions of the offering are distributed every year to every Japanese home. Each morning the members of the household bow before this altar. On it are placed also the charm of UJIGAMI, or the local god, while in many houses other charms are added. For the Japanese, clever as they are, are terribly superstitious. Only when they accept the religion of Christ

do they put away these altars and their strange fears of angry spirits. Besides this altar there is one for the family's own ancestors, or, if they are Buddhists, there is an altar to the Buddha, the teacher who gave the religion of that name to the East.

In olden times the head of the home was a tremendously important person. He was the only member of the house who was allowed to marry. If he had a brother, the brother was not said to have a place in the house, but was called a " person living in apartments." The country was then divided into clans, and the people were very careful always to let it be known to which clan they belonged. If a man was suspected of falsely claiming to belong to a particular clan, he had to pass through an ordeal of hot water. He had to thrust his hand into water heated to boiling-point. If, when he withdrew it, his hand was not burnt, he was supposed to have spoken truly, and to be a member of the clan he claimed.

But it is to be feared that a great many liars were discovered, for a hand thrust into boiling water is quite certain to be badly scalded.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SHOPPING

Just as the houses are lightly built because of danger from earthquakes or fire, so are the shops. A Londoner who went to Japan expecting to see such buildings as he sees in Regent Street would get a great shock.

# Shopping

As a rule, a Japanese shop is small and unimposing. The front is open, and the shopkeeper sits inside on the look-out for customers.

We shall not have much difficulty in finding the street in which we may buy the particular article we require. For unless we are in one of the large cities we shall discover all the shops of one kind in one street, and all the shops of another kind in another street. Suppose we want to buy a fine new paper lantern. In London we might enter a street saying to ourselves : "Perhaps there will be no lantern-shop in the whole of the street, after all!" We could not say that in Japan unless we were in Tokyo, which is more like London. We should know where to buy the lantern, for long before we drew near to it we should see a street full of lanterns. Every front would be covered with big and little, coloured and plain lanterns, dear lanterns, cheap lanterns, lanterns for the house, lanterns for festivals, lanterns for grown men to carry, lanterns for boys, and lanterns that even babies could hold. In the same way, if we wanted to buy chopsticks, in order to eat our dinner in the Japanese way, we should find a street in which every shopkeeper had chopsticks, and nothing else but chopsticks, for sale. The shopkeeper is always very keen to haggle. But he waits and watches your face until he is quite sure that you really want the article he has for sale. When he is certain that you are ready to buy, he is ready to sell—if you will pay his price. He does not mind haggling, for he has no position to lose. He knows that of all people he is most despised. In Japan a servant is supposed to be a much more respectable person than

a shopkeeper. "There is such a thing as trade," the old Samurai used to say to their sons: "see that you know nothing of it." It is this foolish dislike of and contempt for trade which has made the tradesman indifferent to a sense of honour in his dealings with some of his customers. "People despise my way of earning my living," he says to himself. "Well, they shall pay me in money for bearing their contempt." There are some very silly and uneducated people even in our own country who talk about trade as the old Samurai did. But happily they are not listened to by sensible people, who know that if there were no tradesmen we should all very soon starve.

Boys and girls who visit the shop-streets will not be long in finding out that there is one street where only toys are sold—the very toys that Japanese boys and girls love most—while in another street are the most wonderful cakes and sweet things. Here, in the vegetable street, is a stall where we may buy what the Japanese love very much—cucumbers. But there is one street into which no boy or girl would very much care to go. No one of us while we are young cares much for physic, and this street is filled with men who sell quack medicines. The Government looks after them very carefully, and will not let them sell any article without a licence. But if they succeed in getting this, the medicine dealers put up for sale all kinds of strange mixtures for curing the various diseases from which people suffer. They know very little about curing people, but they often think they know a great deal. Although the Japanese people are beginning to learn how the doctors of Europe deal with

sickness, and are finding out that the old ways of the East are ignorant ways, they have still to improve a great deal.

The method followed in the Japanese towns and villages of keeping all the shops of one kind together makes it a very easy matter for the would-be customer who knows exactly what he wants, but it is not so inviting for the visitor who goes out to look round with the idea of spending a little money on anything that attracts his fancy. However, in Tokyo and other cities, each of the streets has plenty of variety, and one may hope to buy a pair of chopsticks without leaving the street in which one has just purchased a ready-made *kimono* or a fine paper lantern.

We have had a look round the shops, but what is there about them that most strikes us ? Is it not this—that the articles for sale are so many of them quite different from any we see in our own shops ? True, we see food for sale ; but even the food is different from ours. There are vegetable and fruit shops ; but the contents of these are unlike those we know best. While, as for most of the other shops, what a difference we see in them from the shops of Regent Street, and Oxford Street, and the Strand ! Chopsticks and lanterns, *kimonos* and pottery—where should we find these as we find them for sale everywhere in Japan ?

And so even in the shops, or idly standing at a street-corner, we feel once more that the East, in its habits, and its customs, and its requirements, is still utterly different from the West.

## CHAPTER XV

### WHAT SHALL I BE?

UNTIL lately, when the boy in Japan had to decide what he would be, he did not have the great choice which English boys have. And even now the trades and professions open to him are not nearly so numerous as they are in England, or as they will be in Japan before long.

The Japanese are great farmers, though they cultivate very different crops from those which are raised by the farmers of Britain. Wheat, for instance, is little grown in Japan, and when it is grown it is used not for bread, but for the dish called vermicelli. But just as a British farmer, whether here or in Canada, gives his chief attention to growing the food of his countrymen, so does the farmer of Japan. As the Canadian grows corn, the Japanese grows rice—for in Japan, as in China and India, rice is the chief food eaten. When the rice harvest is a bad one, then Japan suffers terribly. The boys and girls of the poorer class have to go without food for long periods, and must sometimes starve. At one time, when a Japanese official was asked to state the wealth of his country, he would be pretty sure to say, not "This year we have become possessed of so many millions of pounds," but "This year we have raised so much rice." And he was a wise man, for he knew that with sufficient of that cheap, good food his countrymen could be prosperous. Rice is grown on every tiny bit of land

which allows of it. The seed is soaked until it is ready to spring, when it is sown in neat lines and with great care. As it grows, manure is laid on it, and in about seven weeks the spot will be covered with plants about three inches high. The place in which they grow looks more like a muddy river than a field, so much water do the farmers pass over it.

Through this mud-bath a horse is driven, drawing an instrument with teeth capable of drawing up the roots of the young sprigs ready for replanting. The next step is to arrange these plants in long rows one above the other. To get water to refresh these plants the farmers use a water-wheel, which they work by means of a kind of treadmill arrangement. As the worker walks up a ladder, his foot presses on the wheel, which draws up water from the stream or canal. This is one of the oldest and most famous contrivances to be found in Japan. The crop does not take very long to grow. If planted in June, it is ready in November. But it must have a great deal of water. The terraced fields also are like a mud-bath. In this the people plunge cheerfully, walking in slush, sometimes almost up to their knees, and weed the beds. When at last the crop is ready, the terraced beds are dried off, and reaping follows.

The rice-farmers are often very wealthy men, having sometimes as many as five hundred tenants. These tenants are very poor, and accordingly the farmer landlord can do very much as he likes with them. They own only their tiny hut and the land on which it stands. The rice-field which they cultivate belongs to the farmer.

To him they must give two-fifths of whatever crop they raise. But they sometimes go in fear of him, for if he so wishes he can turn them off their field, and let it to another. This would ruin the tenant at once. There are no boundary lines formed by hedge or wall between the various tenants' fields, but each knows exactly where his holding begins and where it ends.

And now we come to another Japanese industry.

Two thousand years ago a Japanese priest visited China, and when he came back to his own country he brought with him some seeds of a certain shrub which the Chinese grew in great quantities. "What have you got there?" his friends asked him curiously. "These are the seeds of a plant which, when grown and gathered, may be made into a very pleasant drink," explained the priest. And so the seeds were planted, and the shrub in due time appeared and was gathered, and the people of Japan had their first taste of a drink which was always afterwards to be their favourite, for then it was that they first drank tea. At first tea was not generally used, but in the reign of the Emperor Senin Tenno, who lived about a hundred and fifty years after the birth of Christ, a large company of priests happened one day to be summoned to attend the palace, there to read out of their learned books. When the reading was over the Emperor ordered that they should be given refreshment, and the refreshment which was given was none other than tea. Now that the Emperor had shown his approval of the new drink, the people decided that it must be a good thing, and so the trade grew very quickly.

A JAPANESE TEA HOUSE DECKED FOR
THE FEAST OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS

Soon the Japanese began to grow the shrub, not only for use at home, but for sale to foreign customers.

The way in which tea is grown is as follows: First the buds are picked from the shrubs, then these buds are steamed, so that all grubs, and microbes, and other unpleasant things, are quite destroyed. Then the buds are rolled between the hands and dried. The greatest care is taken in all these processes, for only by great care can the Japanese make sure of getting the right flavour. When the trade with the foreigner began, complaints reached the tea-merchants that the tea-leaves had become damp again before reaching the foreign country to which they had been sent, and that they had lost the flavour desired. So nowadays great care is taken to have the tea dried a second time in the port of Shanghai just before it is sent away. All tea sent out by Japan must be guaranteed by the Government.

Another trade of the Japanese is forestry. In Japan there are no less than eight hundred different kinds of trees, while more than half the country is forest land. The trees found include the banyan, the bamboo, the broad-leaved evergreen, the pine, the camphor-tree, and the fir, which is the chief of Japanese trees.

But the Japanese trade best known to foreigners is neither the rice nor tea industry, but that of silk. The silk trade is the largest which Japan does with Europe. Perhaps no trade is more interesting in its methods. Everything depends, not on the cleverness of men or the flourishing of seeds, but on the health of a tiny worm. Of these worms the greatest care is taken. It is said, indeed, that the old way of caring for them

was founded on the advice of an ancient Prince of Japan, Prince Shotoku, who told the silk-farmers that if they would be successful they must care for the little worms, their helpers, as though they were their children. Just as they would try to keep a room at the best possible temperature for a baby son, so must they watch the temperature of the place in which they tended the silkworm. And to this day the Japanese care for the worms as though they were children. They sit up with them, they watch carefully the ventilator of the room in which the worms are kept, and they get the best results. But while these ways are still kept up, the silk-farmers now have also other improved methods of cultivating silkworms. In 1872, four years after the Restoration, a number of Japanese silk-merchants visited an exhibition at Vienna, and saw other ways of caring for the worm. They came back very keen to introduce similar methods into their own land. And so they built special laboratories or places for finding out new things about the ways of silkworms, and though to-day there is less profit to be made from the cultivation of silk, yet the trade is far larger. Besides the regular silkworm farmers, many thousands of families cultivate silkworms as a means of increasing the little money they earn in other ways.

In a silkworm village one must be very careful lest one should tread on one of the numerous cocoons which may be laid out in the sun.

The silk is obtained in this way: Cocoons are arranged in flat baskets and left lying about a fortnight, by the end of which time they change into a small white moth. These moths are arranged on

cards, and in about twelve hours the cards are covered with eggs. The cards are kept until the autumn, then packed in boxes. When spring comes the boxes are hung out in the sun. Soon the eggs are hatched, and the precious silkworm creeps into the daylight. How pleased are all when the little creature about which they have thought so much, and on which their living depends, appears before them all, lying upon its little card-home! With what care everybody tends it, feeding it on the leaf of the mulberry-tree, and watching lest any harm should come to it!

The silkworm is a very sleepy creature, and before he begins to spin he must be allowed to go to sleep four times. And every time he wakes up he must be fed. Moreover, the watchers—generally the women or girls of the home—must not only feed him, but give him the exact amount of food which he requires. Finally, the worm begins to spin, and the silk is unwound by the hands of skilful women.

Little Japanese boys think it the finest possible fun to go and watch these little balls being unrolled by their mothers' skilful fingers, and how happy is the boy on the first day on which he is permitted to unwind the silk. "There is nothing so fine as the work of the silk-farmer," he says, "and when I am old enough I shall be one!"

As we make our way among the people of the country districts we shall be sure to notice the curious dress they wear on a wet day. The labourer whom we see on his way to the rice-fields wears a strange garment made of rice-straw. When he gets into it, it makes his figure look wonderfully large. But, if

odd, it also protects him well, and he can hope to do his work and get home again without being seriously wet.

The Japanese also make garments of oiled paper, and this is waterproof. One may think of Japan as the Land of the Rising Sun. But it is also a land where there is often a good deal of rain. So, though they welcome the showers, the farmers are very thankful that there are hanging up in their houses their strong oil-paper coverings, or cloaks of rice-straw.

## CHAPTER XVI

### MANY WAYS OF LIVING

Another important manufacture of Japan is that of paper—for paper is used in that country, not only to make books and for printing purposes, but for walls, windows, pocket-handkerchiefs, lanterns, cloaks, hats, baggage-covers, and even for bandages. This paper is very strong, and is almost unbreakable. It is so strong, indeed, that it would be possible to lift a man standing on it without its tearing. Paper is obtained by cutting shoots from mulberry-trees, soaking them for several days in water, and then removing the bark, which is soaked in ley. Ley, it may be here said, is greatly used in the East, not only for the purposes for which we employ gum, but even to fasten garments together instead of stitching. When the bark has been soaked in the way described, it is taken out and beaten into a pulp; and from the pulp the bark passes into paper.

Lacquer is obtained from the tree of the name, and is much used to beautify the temples of Japan. Niugate is the centre of what is called the coarse lacquer trade—that is, the trade in cheap lacquered tin trays such as we find in our shops. Everyone will know these trays, with their pictures of birds, bamboos, and flowers painted in gold. But much finer work is used in the temples and homes of Japan.

Lacquer is obtained from the tree by means of holes cut in it. Through these the lacquer is drawn out, and when it appears it looks like cream, but it changes colour in the air.

The fishing industry is one quite by itself. The Japanese live largely on fish, and the very poor often know little other food. To them even rice is a luxury. And so the fish trade is one that never grows smaller. The fishermen live either in huts on the shore or in their boats. At one time they dared not take their vessels far from the coast, but now they are more venturesome. Their boats are all open, and without decks. The largest is not more than fifty feet long. The boats are propelled by two or four men standing upright and using sculls. These fishermen are cheerful souls, and though their life is hard and often dangerous, they may be heard singing happily as their little boats drift across Tokyo Bay.

The Japanese of to-day have large merchant vessels just as we have. But their merchant service dates only from the sixties. Before that time the Japanese people, being determined to keep to themselves, regarded big ships as a danger to their privacy. "If we have great vessels," they said, "our merchants will

sail to foreign countries and begin to trade. Then the foreigners will be attracted to us and visit our shores. And if once the foreigner enters our country our privacy will be gone." The strange thing is that before Japan shut herself up she had had big ships, and had allowed her merchants to sail to foreign countries. But from the moment when she closed her gates to the foreigner until she opened them again, two hundred years later, Japan refused to let her shipbuilders design any vessels but small coasters.

But when the new ideas came to Japan she saw that she must make a great change. Many of the people were not very willing at first, for they dreaded all kinds of things. But at last a shipping company was founded to trade with Europe, and soon this company was followed by another. Finally, the two were made one, and the company is now the well-known Nippon Yusen Kaisha. There are now in Japan more than ten dock companies.

The centre of the ship-building trade is at Nagasaki. Here there are great yards in which ships are built nearly as large as those we build on the Clyde, at Belfast, and at Newcastle. Not long ago, for instance, the Nagasaki yard built two mail steamers each of 13,500 tons, which means that they are greater than our White Star ships, the *Majestic* and the *Teutonic*. But the Japanese vessels can travel at twenty knots an hour, which is a faster rate than the *Majestic*. We have learnt ship-building slowly. We learnt how to improve our methods and machinery, but we learnt in the space of centuries. Fifty years ago, on the other hand, the Japanese were still sailing in junks!

But apart from the ship-building trade and that of engineering, which is often connected with ship-building, the Japanese have not yet built up any very large new trade; and so, if the Japanese boy does not want to, or cannot, become a worker in a ship-building yard, he must take up one of the businesses which his people have practised for hundreds of years.

Besides those we have described, there are others of a humbler kind. There are, for instance, those of carpentry, porcelain-making, and *cloisonné* work, which is a form of painting on metal. Or perhaps the boy thinks he would like to be a dentist; or, if he is poor, but strong, he may think it would be jolly to be a *ricksha*-boy, and walk about all day drawing a *jinricksha*. Or he may decide that he would like to be a servant. In England it is held that a tradesman is a more important person than a servant, whether man or woman. But in Japan they think quite differently. For in Japan they teach the duty of unselfishness. Indeed, this is the greatest of all lessons taught. A boy is instructed from the beginning that he must think of his Emperor before himself, his ancestors before himself, his guests before himself; and it is for this reason that the servant is more honourable than the tradesman. The servant puts his master before himself. He is ready to die for his master, and to do so, not because he wants to be a hero, but because it is his simple duty. A tradesman, on the other hand, thinks of his own interests first. To be a successful tradesman a man must think of himself. But to be a successful servant, a man or woman must think of his or her master or mistress. The servant is not only regarded as more honourable

than many other kinds of worker, but is treated with respect by the family in which he or she is employed.

Another profession which is offered to the Japanese boy is that of a policeman. To be a policeman in Japan is even a finer thing than to be a policeman in England, for the Eastern peoples think that officials are of all people the greatest. The policeman never loses his temper, never gets confused, and, of course, he is always tremendously polite. *Our* policemen have good manners, but a Japanese policeman is always bowing and showing his politeness. Even when it is his duty to arrest an offender, he does it so politely that his prisoner could really hardly have the heart to be angry. To English and other visitors he shows the greatest courtesy, and will sometimes even send the traffic down a side street in order that the visitors may enjoy undisturbed their inspection of the street's centre.

The policeman in Japan is supposed to be a member of a good family. No one would ever dream of offering him money; to do so would be to insult the man terribly. The police have one fault, and that is they are inclined to bully the people. They know their power, and they use it.

Besides the Japanese policeman there is the fireman. The fireman in Japan is a very important person indeed, for houses are always catching fire in Tokyo and other cities. This is one of the reasons why the houses are so flimsy. A Japanese householder naturally never cares to spend much money on his house when at any moment it may be burnt to the ground with all in it. But so common are fires that a Japanese boy

PINE TREES AND A STONE LANTERN AT MATSUSHIMA, JAPAN.

would scarcely think one very exciting, certainly not a thing to be sought out as we should seek one out.

The boy who hopes to be a fireman must have plenty of courage, for he will always be in danger, and will have to put out fire almost with his hands.

But perhaps the boy of Japan decides he will be a tradesman, and perhaps the trade he selects will be that of a carpenter. When he comes to learn his trade he will handle tools very different from those our carpenters use. The work done by Japanese workers with wood is very delicate, and for this reason their tools must be delicate also. An English workman who was shown the tools of Japanese carvers was very scornful, and wondered what could be done with such very fine and tiny weapons. But the Japanese are able to carve very beautifully with the delicate tools. Some of the hammers are so small that they have been for size compared with ladies' hatpins; while their saws are often far finer than the finest fretsaws, and appear to be no thicker than tissue-paper. Moreover, these saws have their teeth pointing in the opposite direction to that of the teeth of ours. Japanese artisans do not care nearly so much for money as Englishmen do. They are artists first of all. For this reason they do not like to get very big orders. Here our manufacturers are best pleased when they get the largest orders possible. But in Japan all their work is done by hand. A bronze-worker was asked to make two hundred picture-frames.

"No can make," he said; "there is berry much difficulty. Much it cost to make. I must get big shops to do that; I no likee"; and he would not do

the work. The carpenters and carvers are equally independent. They will often not sell their work to people who cannot see its fine points, even if such people will pay a high price ; while a poor man, who sees the beauty of the carving, can buy it cheaply. Then, again, they will want to know what is to be done with the carving when it is bought, and where it is to be placed. Imagine an English maker caring where his goods go, and what is done with them, so long as he is paid !

Another of the old trades of Japan is porcelain-making. Clay is first modelled, and then painted with the beautiful figures which we see on the porcelain when it comes over here. The clay is then put into a kiln or oven. When it goes into the kiln it looks dull and heavy, but when one goes later to see it one finds it white, and glazed, and beautiful. Sometimes, however, when an artist has worked for days in painting a vase, and has at last completed it and seen it placed in the kiln, he finds, on going to look at it later, that it has been completely spoilt, and is now quite out of shape. The porcelain-maker, indeed, never knows which of his vases will turn out a success and which a failure until they are safely out of the kiln.

Other native Japanese trades are those of the bronze-worker and the embroiderer of silk. But while the carpenters and metal-workers are very cheerful and happy, chattering all the time as they toil, the embroiderers never talk to one another. Their work is so hard, the strain on their eyes is so great, that they lose their liveliness, and after a few years of embroidering many of them go blind.

Another artisan who does not seem very cheerful is the *cloisonné* worker. His work, too, is very straining to the eyes, for he has to pick up, in a tiny instrument, for working into his design, pieces of gold-wire so small that they are scarcely to be seen. The tiny bit of gold has to be picked up, and then fixed upon a metal vase.

But perhaps the boy is not intended for any of these trades, and is designed for what in England we would call a profession. Perhaps he is to be a dentist. Accordingly, he arrives one morning to begin to learn his business. But as he enters the dentist's room, what are those long lines of nails fastened in that table which he sees? As he will presently find out, if he has not before been told, the nails are supposed to be teeth. He has got to learn how to extract them! Perhaps, if he is very ignorant of the methods of the dentist of his country, he looks round to find an instrument for extracting the easiest-looking nail. But, failing to find one, and asking for directions, he is promptly told to do it with his hand! It is, in fact, with his fingers that the Japanese dentist takes out teeth. A patient merely opens his mouth, the dentist thrusts in finger and thumb, and, by means of a strange knack, he draws out at once the diseased tooth. These dentists have now many strange and delicate little instruments for repairing teeth, but when a tooth is to come right out they will still use the finger and thumb. The little learner, however, must begin by pulling out the nails. When he tries first he finds it hard, but presently the task becomes easy, and he must then learn how to pull out a larger nail, or one which has

been driven farther into the wood. Finally, he is able to pull out nails which are more deeply imbedded than any tooth is fixed in a person's head, and when he can do that it is time for him to begin practising on real people.

## CHAPTER XVII

### RICKSHA BOYS AND WORKMEN

Perhaps the boy makes up his mind that he will become a *ricksha* man. The *jinricksha* is the cab of Japan. *Rickshas* stand in the public streets waiting for passengers just as taxicabs stand in London. The *ricksha* is a two-wheeled carriage, a little bit like one of our gigs or dogcarts, only so small that a man can draw it. It has two wheels, and the man who pulls enters the shafts as a horse would do, and sets off.

To be a *ricksha* " boy " is the ambition of many a young man. " Boy " used in this way does not mean " boy " in the sense in which we use the word, but is applied to the men who draw these carriages, just as in England we speak of " cabbies."

These *ricksha* boys, as a rule, come up from the country. They think their old homes very dull, and desire to see city life. In the old days they could not thus have left their native village, for the head-men of a district used to put barriers across the roads to prevent the working people from quitting the village in which they lived. When a person wished to get through the barrier he had to show his passport, and if it was supposed that he was trying to get away

without meaning to come back, he would be told that he could not pass.

To-day, however, things are changed. The ambitious boy hears of the fine time the *ricksha* drawer is having in the distant city and the great wages he is earning. He does not, perhaps, learn also that the strain of the work is telling on the man, and that he seldom lives many years after once beginning to work. Perhaps he hears, and does not mind, for the people of the East do not think it matters very much if one dies so long as there is somebody to worship one's memory when one is dead.

One bright morning the boy sets off, at length reaches Tokyo or some other great city, and begins his new life. His pay is a penny a mile. When, however, a customer engages him, the sum which he is to be paid for the whole journey is settled in advance. Some of these men can run on at their regular four-miles-an-hour pace for miles. They will sometimes carry their fare for a distance of forty or fifty miles, but the usual run is about ten miles, when another coolie takes on the *ricksha*. This is the method, of course, on a journey from the city into the country. A journey which does not go beyond the city is performed by the one man. These *ricksha* boys are very devoted to their employers, and if one happens to be hired to go a long distance he will try, as hard as he can, to interest his fare in the country through which they are passing, bringing him flowers or curios which may lie along the road.

Such are a few of the ways which are offered to the Japanese boy who is intent on earning his living.

Japanese workmen are highly trustworthy, but they must not be hurried. To a Western observer they often seem idle and careless. Mr. G. W. Knox tells how on one occasion he wanted his roof repaired. On the first day a dignified little man arrived, who listened with great patience while his employer told him what was wrong with the roof. When he had duly heard all, he did no more, but went away. On the second day he reappeared, carrying a ladder. This he laid down, and so ended his second day's work. On the third day he returned, put the ladder against the wall, and climbed to see what would be required. Then once more he departed, and only on the fourth day was the work begun. Work is often interrupted through the workman requiring his tea. He will work for about an hour and a half. Then he will come down, and make a little fire to boil the water. Having drunk his tea, he will go back to his work, only to return to light another fire, and to make more tea in another hour and a half.

If one hopes to get good work from the Japanese artisan, one must give him time; he will not be hurried.

But in Japan to earn one's living does not mean to earn a great deal of money. For sevenpence or eightpence a day one can have the services of the best of workmen. But while the earnings of these men are small, so are their needs. A Japanese workman has only one meal a day, and this is of rice. This costs him two *sen* eight *rin*. A *sen* is equal to a small part of a penny, and a *rin* to a small part of that. For a mat to sleep on at night a workman pays one *sen* fifty *rin*. He

only spends a little more than five *sen* in the whole day. If, on the other hand, he earns eightpence he has a good clear profit.

But while the wages of Japanese workmen are low, the men make their charge, not so much according to a fixed scale as according to the position of the person employing them. People are supposed to pay according to their rank. Indeed, a *jinricksha* man once refused to carry a rich Englishwoman, as she only paid the rate supposed to be paid by a poor person. In England a cabman charges a shilling for a mile. If he were in Japan he would not try to get as much as he could out of a rich fare. But if the fare was a duke, he would charge, say, two shillings; if he was a Government official, he would charge perhaps eighteen pence; while if he was a poor clerk, he would charge sixpence; and each of these persons would pay, knowing the rate to be the right one for their rank.

One interesting story may be told of some Japanese workmen employed by an Englishman. One day, when he came to see them at work, he found they had all disappeared, and when he began to make inquiries he discovered that they had all gone off to see the apple-blossom. In England our working men sometimes desert their work to attend a football match, but it is only in Japan that they thus make a day's holiday to see beautiful flowers.

The politeness which was taught to them as children shows itself in the workmen all their lives. Even the humblest of them never forget their manners. When two road-cleaners meet for the first time in the day to begin their work, they always bow to one another.

Their fathers and mothers were not too poor to teach them good manners when they were boys.

A good story is told which illustrates how the Japanese habit of politeness shows itself in everyone. One day a man was pulling along the street a cart loaded to the top with lengths of trees. Some of the trees were very long, and the end of one of them caught in the flimsy roof of a house in which lived a coolie and tore a piece out of it. Instantly out rushed the coolie, his towel on his head, to complain of the damage done. The men fell to talking hard at one another, though there was no exchange of evil words. But while in the middle of the argument the tree-porter, who, of course, was in the wrong, suddenly noticed the towel on the coolie's head, and called his attention to it. At once the coolie's hands flew up to his head and tore away the towel, while in deep distress he began, though the aggrieved person so far as his roof was concerned, to apologize to the tree-porter for being so rude as to speak to him with his head covered; and so all ended happily!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### JAPANESE RELIGION

The Japanese, like all the people of the East, are worshippers of their ancestors. But while all these religions hold up ancestors to veneration, the various nations of the Far East have different forms of expressing this feeling. Just as the Chinese have a

CHERRY TREE IN BLOSSOM IN A TEMPLE GARDEN.

religion called Confucianism, so the Japanese have one called Shintoism. Linked with this last religion is a code of honour called *Bushido*, which tells the Japanese boy and man exactly what he ought to do if he would be honourable. In England we call our code of the same kind "chivalry." Shintoism bids the Japanese believer to think carefully about his happiness. He is told to remember how fortunate he is to be living in so well managed a State, where he may be sure of getting justice, and then he is bidden to remember who founded this happy State, and, by founding it, made it possible for him to enjoy it. From this idea he is taught to worship the first Emperor, or first imperial ancestor.

"Only in such a State can you be happy," he is told, "and can you be sure that your children will thrive when you are gone"; and so the Japanese worships his ancestors.

If we understand *Bushido*, we find the reason why Japanese children show so little feeling when hurt. For it teaches them to forget themselves. "Do not cry out," "Do not feel surprised at anything"—such are its teachings. The highest compliment which one can pay a man is to say that he is "a man without a me"—that is, a man who has so completely mastered himself that his feelings of pain are never shown. He is said to think so little of himself as to be part of something better and higher. *Bushido* teaches boys to be kind, to give away what they have to others, and to remember that money and the making of it are of small account. It is for this reason that the merchants are considered of such small account in Japan. Merchants, according to

*Bushido*, are interested only in making money, whereas craftsmen and pottery-makers are intent, first of all, on making articles of beauty. The craftsmen are therefore to be accounted of higher rank than the merchants.

Ancestor worship, found everywhere in the East, is thought by some people to have originated in the fear of ghosts. "If we do not worship the spirits of those who are dead, they will come and do us injury," was supposed to have been the thought of the ancient Japanese and Chinese. But others say that it was affection for their fathers and grandfathers which made their sons begin to worship them.

Ancestor worship, as carried on in Japan, is of three kinds. There is, first of all, the worship of the "first imperial ancestor" by all the people, then there is the worship of the patron god of the locality, and lastly there is the worship of the family ancestors. Three places are set aside for the worship of the imperial ancestor, the chief of these being the Temple of Daijinju at Ise. In this is a mirror given by a famous Japanese Empress of ancient times, who ordered it to be set up and worshipped as representing her soul.

The most important festival in connection with ancestor worship takes place on New Year's Day, when the Emperor goes to the temple to perform the "Worship of the Four Directions." This ceremony takes place at four o'clock in the morning on the first day of the year. He begins by bending himself in the direction of the grave of the first imperial ancestor, which is situated in a westerly direction. He then bows in turn to the three other points of the compass—

south, east, and north. When all this has been done, the Emperor receives the congratulations of his statesmen and of the representatives of foreign powers who are in his capital.

On January 3 the second festival occurs. This is called the Sacrifice to the Origin. In October another festival is held, being the ninth of the year. On this occasion the first crop of the year is offered to the first imperial ancestor.

Worship of family ancestors takes place daily, but there are also special sacrifice days, sacrifice months, and sacrifice years. The sacrifice day is the day corresponding to the day of the particular ancestor's death. The sacrificial month is the month corresponding to the month of his death, while the year must be each tenth year following that in which the man died.

## CHAPTER XIX

### GOOD-BYE TO THE EAST

Our peep at the Far East is ended, and we return home. Under the blue sky of China we have passed amidst her ancient streets, over her rough, untended, country roads ; we have sat at her tables, talked to her people, bought in her little open-fronted shops, learnt her courtesies, and begun to hope for her new life. We have wandered northward into Korea, for so long the "Hermit Kingdom," now the dependent State of Japan. There we have learnt her ways, seen her men in their tall hats and white coats, wandered beside her

streets with their foul and muddy ditches, perhaps looked for a moment, though not with much eagerness, at the coloured sweets in the basket of the man sitting on the little wooden bridge which spans the slimy ditch; and as evening drew on, and we still loitered in the streets of Seoul, we have heard, far away, the tap-tapping that tells that the women of the city are at their evening labour of cleaning the white coat of the man of the house. And from Korea we have passed into Japan, the country of our ally, the land of lightning change, where quick eyes are always busy to discover how the West improves upon the East.

We have looked in wonder at her new schools, her new ships, her new engineering; and we remember that little more than half a century ago the eyes of Japan were still closed, and that, while Europe made herself new ways of travel, new ways of communicating between place and place, new ways of teaching, Japan knew nothing of these things. We have seen how, even to-day, that Japan of old lives on in her tea-houses, in her manners, in her perfect knowledge of what is beautiful in Nature and in manufacture. We have learnt how, to the Japanese, to make a beautiful thing is in itself reward. We have learnt how this people studies the happiness of its visitors, and how it tries to bring that happiness even in such small ways seemingly as taking care of the decoration of room or table.

In China and Japan we have looked upon a strange mingling of old and new, of East and West, and we see now that the poet who wrote "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," wrote little dreaming of how the old Cathay which he knew was, even

while his pen was on his paper, within but a few years of changes quicker almost than any Europe had known.

There is no longer an unchanging East, we say; and yet, behind all these changes, let us remember that the mind of a race is not really altered by new ways of travel and communication. John Chinaman is John Chinaman still; the Koreans are still Koreans; the Japanese are still Japanese. Railways may cover their lands and telegraphs line their roads, but the men who drive the engines, and who sit in the carriages as passengers, who send off the telegrams, and who count the words and dispatch them—these men are Easterns still, with the minds and ways of Easterns. It is not by these outward things that a people are changed. What changes a people is what has already begun to change Korea.

It is not the missionary only who now says that the great need of the people is the religion of Christ; a great Japanese scholar has said that it is such teaching as that religion gives which is needed in the schools.

Our dream of the East is over. We see no dragons on the slate roofs of the houses opposite, the maid who enters wears no *kimono*, the men passing in the street below wear solemn black garments or grey, and not shining white coats or strange and wonderful hats. And yet we know that far away the dragon still glares from the red roof, that the *kimono* is still worn, that the white coat is still precious to its owner. For it takes many boys and girls, men and women—English, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans—to make a world.

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